THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER OF THE A. O. H. OF ILLINOIS AND THE UNITED IRISH SOCIETIES OF CHICAGO AND COOK COUNTY.

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A. O. H. GOSSIP.

Lively and Enjoyable Programme Presented at the "Open House" Reception of Div. 9 on the Evening of Sept. 18.

Interesting Addresses by Distinguished Visitors—Visit of State President Keating to Livingston County.

It appears the further you travel from the heart of the city the more elaborate the style in which the A.O.H. celebrate, and the more enthusiastic their interest in the growth of the Order. I was convinced of the truth of the foregoing by being present at another of those charming receptions of Div. 9. Other divisions confine their reunions to the jolly "stag party," but No. 9 opens its doors to the ladies of their acquaintance, and their gatherings are certainly of a high order personally, and the programme submitted was artistic in the selection of its numbers.

On Friday, the 18th inst., No. 9's hall was well filled, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather. The following clipping from the Daily Calumet contains local opinion on the programme submitted, and is evidence of the high standing of Div. 9 in South Chicago:

"The singing of Mrs. J. D. Sullivan was a most agreeable surprise to those present. Few of them had previously heard this lady sing and when, in 'Ben Bolt,' and the response to the encore which followed, she displayed the rich and varied qualities of her voice, its wide range and perfect cultivation, the audience were rapturous in their applause. It is to be hoped that the people of South Chicago may have the pleasure of hearing this lady outside of society and church circles. J. E. Carroll was a whole host in himself. He has not only an excellent voice, but his view of comedy is so pronounced that an audience never tires of him. The bass solo by William Arens was most highly appreciated. Of Mr. Arens as an artist it is not necessary to speak here, his ability being already well known in South Chicago. The instrumental trio—flute, William Arens; violin, William McReld; piano, Mrs. P. Pernod—was an exquisite rendering of a highly classical yet pleasing composition. Messrs. Arens and Reid and Mrs. Pernod are especial favorites at the A. O. H. entertainments. The instrumental solo, "Echoes from Erin," by Minnie O'Sullivan, was well rendered for a miss of her years. "The Maniac," recited by Miss Vida Reid, was well received. Miss Reid, for a young lady of her age, shows much histrionic ability. J. E. McGrath, in the recitation of 'Little Breeches,' captured the risibilities of the audience. Probably the most taking number on the programme was the exquisite bit of jig dancing by Miss Lottie Clark. It was like a sprig of emerald green, just transplanted from Tipperary hillside.

"The address of Hon. John P. McGoorty was in excellent taste, and rendered with the pleasing qualities of voice and gesture for which the gentleman is so well known. Could the ladies vote, not one in the audience but would cast her ballot solid for Mr. McGoorty in his candidacy for the legislature. The only failure on the programme was Mr. Lederer, who was announced to dance a 'break down' as against Miss Lottie Clark's jigging. Mr. Lederer excused himself as not feeling in proper form for calisthenics on the plea that he had just returned from a Democratic meeting in Indiana, where he had exhausted all his electric enthusiasm. One of the pleasantest features of the evening was the presence of the Hon. B. F. Shively, of South Bend, Ind., Democratic candidate for governor of the Hoosier state. Mr. Shively, on being introduced, was rapturously received by the audience, three cheers and a tiger being given for Indiana and her future governor. With good taste the honorable gentleman, in his remarks, avoided all reference to politics. He warmly thanked the audience for the cordial manner in which they received him, expressing himself as being highly pleased at meeting so many friends. He spoke on the benefits to humanity of such social gatherings as the present, and concluded by hoping in the near future to welcome all present to the gubernatorial mansion at Indianapolis. The meeting closed with the singing of the Irish national anthem by Owen Ahern, the entire audience joining in the chorus.

Refreshments were served during the evening, and at the conclusion of the programme. From the pleasure expressed by the audience at the proceedings, it is safe to say that when Div. 9 again gives an 'open house' larger quarters will have to be provided.

State President Keating met the Hibernians of Livingston county, Sunday, Sept. 20, at Dwight. Among those present were Brothers Burke and Murphy, of Pontiac; Ruddy, Monahan and Keating, of Sunbury township; West, Bagley, Reedy Dennehy, Fay, Costello, from Dwight. Some visitors from LaSalle and McLean counties were also present, as well as many, who though not members, were interested in its growth and good work. After the regular business of the County Board was despatched the doors were opened, and the state president submitted the claims of the Ancient Order on those of Irish race, as well as the need of live co-operation between the children of the Gael. After the address of the state president, it was announced that open meetings would be held in the towns of Pontiac and Budd during the month of October, where it is hoped good work will be accomplished.

County Secretary Lamb announces that we have now over two thousand in good standing in Cook county. How many are in bad standing without being dropped or suspended is a matter worth inquiry? A letter of inquiry received two months ago shows the doubt of some secretaries as to the membership to be reported. It is asked if a member should be reported as suspended if the report is issued before the end of the fourth month? Sec. 6 of Art. 7 of the State bye-laws define exactly the positon of the delinquent, and says, "At the end of the fourth month, said arrears still continuing, he shall be suspended"; therefore, members not suspended should be included in division membership and noted on report.

President P. J. O'Sullivan and his efficient co-workers of Div. 8 are "up and doing" on the North Side. They intend making Nov. 14 a night of pleasure. Brand's hall on that night will be the "trysting place" at which they will hold a grand ball, and the members seem fully in earnest to distance all previous undertakings of this nature. At their regular meeting, last Saturday night, favorable reports from all committees were received, and everything indicates smooth sailing. Initiations and transfers of brothers from other divisions still swell the rolls of Div. 8, and place it in the first rank. Speaking for the division, President O'Sullivan bade a hearty welcome to Brother John J. Sherlock, who recently returned from a visit to his home in Ireland. Brother Sherlock suitably thanked the members, and gave an interesting and encouraging account of his travels and observations while in the old country. ER.

SCOTLAND YARD HATCHED THE DYNAMITE STORY.

(Nashville American.)

The dynamite story which was telegraphed from London to all other parts of the world and which was printed in The American the other morning was read by about every Irishman in the city, as well as by other intelligent readers. They were pretty unanimous in the opinion that there wasn't much in it. An American reporter saw James Killelea yesterday afternoon, and asked him what he thought of the allegation that the "dynamite plots" referred to were hatched in this country.

"There is nothing in it whatever," said Mr. Killelea, "for there is now no organization in this country that would countenance any such procedure. The only organization that now exists in America which would under any circumstances take any part in the trouble between England and Ireland of a warlike nature, is the Irish National Alliance, which was formed at Chicago. And this organization is composed of good citizens, who would do nothing to make trouble with a country with which our nation is at peace. In case of war between England and Ireland, or between England and this country or between England and any other great nation, then the National Alliance would take part. You may remember that when it looked so much like war with England on account of the Venezuelan trouble, the first offer of volunteers came from the Irish of those associations. I dare say in case of war between this country and England that four-fifths of the American army would be made up of Irishmen and American born citizens of Irish parentage, if they could get to the enlisting places before the number of volunteers wanted had been secured. They would be the first to offer their services. But there is now no organization in this country, at least no organization of Irishmen, that advocates or encourages or allows the use of dynamite.

"The probability, indeed the almost absolute certainty, is that the whole thing was hatched up by Scotland Yard detectives. Everything has been very quiet for a long time, and the necessity arose for the detectives to do something in order to keep their jobs. They thereupon hatched out this scheme, and arrested Tynan and others, Bell being no doubt an Irishman who had simply gone abroad on a visit to his old home. Would a man leave dynamite and such things in his room where any visitor could see them? It does not seem reasonable to me. They say he had £60 on him. That is not a large sum of money for a man who has left America and gone across the Atlantic on a visit to Europe. Another report says Bell had £160. Well, that was only $800. Is that a large amount for a European tour? If he did have letters of credit for the $1,300 or $6,400, as stated, why many an American can carries larger sums than this to Europe.

"There is another explanation of the attempt to create the impression that these alleged dynamite fiends were Americans. They have just let four men out of jail over there, who were arrested and convicted on trumped-up evidence of this sort. One of these, Whitehead, has entirely lost his mind, and is a raving maniac as the direct result of his cruel treatment in an English prison. The case of Dr. Thomas Gallagher, an American, who was also one of the four, is a sad thing. He was arrested, and it was alleged that dynamite was found in his room just as it was alleged of Bell. He went into prison a young man of the most robust physique, and came out the other day pale and emaciated, and on the very borders of the other world. These cases have drawn the attention and condemnation of the entire civilized world, and it is partly to distract attention from these cases till they can be partially forgotten that these new allegations of dynamite outrages in contemplation are brought out. They think the world will forget these four outrages as it has forgotten so many other outrages, that have been committed or allowed by England in every land.

"Nobody believes that Tynan is really 'No. 1. He was charged with it and did not deny it, but rather enjoyed the notoriety. He made a mistake in going to France, where he could be arrested and taken to England. They never could have arrested him in this country. Owing to the opposition of Senators Harris and Bate, of Tennessee, and of others in the United States Senate, that feature was stricken out of the extradition treaty allowing extradition for political offenses. You can't do it in this country. They say, too, that Tynan is No. 1. They did say at the time that Sheridan was No. 1. In my opinion the whole thing, as far as implicating America is concerned, will prove inside of a week to be the veriest farce."

Two other prominent citizens of Irish birth heard what Mr. Killelea said and fully indorsed it as the opinion of the Irish-Americans of this city and state. They, as well as Mr. Killelea, had belonged to every Irish society in this country since the days of Fenianism in 1866, and at least two of them to the Clan-na-gael, and they said that if there were any dynamite society in the country they would certainly know it, as they kept up with the Irish societies of this country. They agreed that this present scare was the work of the detectives, and that they had concluded to put an end to the long reign of quiet that their jobs might be more secure. America was not only not sending dynamite, but had notified the Irish leaders that until they united America would send no more money.

Many other Irish-Americans seen indorsed these views.

FREE.

August, 1896.

Look, admiring world, and see,
This is England's clemency!

She is merciful and kind,
She can loose as well as bind.

Call her not vindictive, hard—
Lo, the prison door unbarred!

See them passing forth again,
Back into the world of men;

See them broken, bowed and old,
Worn with anguish manifold;

Vacant eye, grown dull with pain,
Poor, bewildered, darkened brain;

Mark the lines, more sad than tears,
Graven by the cruel years;

Years of loneliness and gloom,
Cold and silent as the tomb;

Years of manhood's proudest strength
Dragging out their weary length.

Manhood wasted, strength o'erthrown,
Joy untasted, hope long flown.

Ah, but all these pangs are o'er—
They are free—are free once more.

Free to weigh the bitter cost,
Free to learn what they have lost.

Free to count the awful blanks
Death has made in friendship's ranks.

Free to wander, fear-distraught,
Driven by one dreadful thought.

Free to find a quiet grave
In the land they tried to save.

Yes, like rats on dung-hill cast,
England sets them free at last!

HANNAH L. HARVEY.
—United Ireland.

GAELIC ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

The Gaelic Athletic association will give a field day Sunday, Sept. 27, when the following programme will be carried out: 100 yards open handicap, 440 yards open handicap, 880 yards open handicap, 220 yards handicap, confined to the association; 220 yards, confined to members of the association who never won a race; tug-of-war between clubs affiliated with the Central Council, running hop, step and jump, running broad jump, running high jump, throwing 56 lbs without follow, putting 16-lb shot, raising and striking the hurling ball, football place kick. There will also be drills by several Irish military societies, and good music will be furnished for dancing. Valuable prizes will be given the winners of the events, including several gold medals donated by prominent Irishmen. An enjoyable evening can be spent at the grounds next Sunday.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props. Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

BEARDED THE LION.

Story of How the Irishmen of Manchester Rescued Their Leaders From the Clutches of Their Enemies in the Heart of England, in 1867.

Gallant Speeches of Allen, Larkin and O'Brien After Sentence of Death Was Passed Upon Them—Capt. Condon's Famous Prayer of Defiance, "God Save Ireland!"

(Irish Weekly Independent.)

The story of the Manchester Martyrs is, happily, well known in Ireland. Col. T. J. Kelly, into whose hands the direction of the Fenian movement had fallen after the defection of Stephens, was arrested in Manchester on Sept. 11, 1867, together with a comrade in conspiracy, named Deasy. Kelly, whose name had cropped up in nearly every one of the recent treason trials in Ireland, and who was known to have taken a prominent part in the rescue of Stephens from Richmond prison, had been long and eagerly sought after by the authorities. But their jubilation at his capture was not of long duration. A week after arrest the two prisoners were brought before the magistrates, identified as two of the leading conspirators, and remanded. The van which was to convey them to Salford jail, a few miles away, left the City court at half-past three, and proceeded unharmed on its way until it reached Hyde road, where it was attacked by a number of men, who rescued the prisoners. In the melee the police constable inside the van, who had charge of the keys, was accidentally shot, and it was for the murder of this policeman that Allen, Larkin, O'Brien and O'Meagher Condon were placed on trial.

Of the prisoners the best known was O'Brien. His family came from Ballymacoda, where Peter O'Neill Crowley was born. He had fought in the American war, where he attained the rank of captain, and had taken part in the rising at Cork in the previous March. He is described as being very handsome-looking, with features round and full, and a good head of yellowish fair hair. Allen, who was one of the principal rescuers, was only a boy, not yet twenty years of age. He was a joiner by trade, and is described as being a Celt in every feature, with high cheek bones and thick curly black hair. Larkin, a tailor, looked more of a conspirator than his fellow prisoners. His features were heavy and determined, and a "goatee" on his chin gave him quite a Yankee appearance.

The Commission for the trial opened at Manchester, Oct. 28, 1867, and in addition to the four men already mentioned, a fifth, named Thomas Maguire, was arraigned. The identification of the prisoners was far from conclusive, but the thirst for blood had seized hold of the English people, and the men in the dock were of the hated race who had dared in the heart of England, and in the broad daylight to insult the majesty of the law, and tear its victims from its clutches. The defence was that in the rescue the death of Brett was a mischance. Though the evidence was weak and unreliable, it was conclusively proved that four of the prisoners had taken prominent part in the rescue, and this fact was sufficient ground for the jury to base their verdict of guilty on. When the prisoners were asked whether they had anything to say why the death sentence should not be passed upon them, Allen, the youngest, stepped to the front of the dock and spoke as follows in a clear and fearless voice:

My Lords and Gentlemen—It is not my intention to occupy much of your time in answering your question. Your question is one that can be easily asked, but requires an answer which I am ignorant of. Abler and more eloquent men could not answer it. Where are the men who have stood in the dock—Burke, Emmet, and others, who have stood in the dock in defence of their country? When the question was put, what was their answer? Their answer was null and void. Now, with your permission, I will review a portion of the evidence that has been brought against me.

Mr. Justice Blackburne—It is too late now to criticize the evidence, and the court has neither the right nor the power to alter or review it. If you have any reason to give why, either upon technical or moral grounds, why sentence should not be passed upon you, we will hear it, but it is too late for you to review the evidence to show that it was wrong.

Allen—Cannot that be done in the morning, sir?

The Judge—No one can alter or review the evidence in any way after the verdict had been passed by the jury. We can only take the verdict as right; and the only question for you is, why judgment should not follow.

Allen—No one in this court regrets the death of Sergt. Brett more than I do, and I positively say, in the presence of the Almighty and ever-living God, that I am innocent, aye, as innocent as any man in this court. I don't say this for the sake of mercy; I want no mercy—I'll have no mercy. I'll die, as many thousands have died, for the sake of my beloved land, and in defence of it. I will die proudly and triumphantly in defence of republican principles and the liberty of an oppressed and enslaved people. Is it possible we are asked why sentence should not be passed upon us, on the evidence of prostitutes off the streets of Manchester, fellows out of work, convicted felons—aye, an Irishman sentenced to be hung when an English dog would have got off. I say positively and defiantly, justice has not been done me since I was arrested. If justice had been done me, I would not have been handcuffed at the preliminary examination in Bridge street; and in this court justice has not been done me in any shape or form. I was brought up here, and all the prisoners by my side were allowed to wear overcoats, and I was told to take mine off. What is the principle of that? There was something in that principle, and I say positively that justice has not been done me. As for the other prisoners, they can speak for themselves with regard to that matter. And now with regard to the way I have been identified. I have to say that my clothes were kept for four hours by the policemen in Fairfield station, and shown to parties to identify me as being one of the perpetrators of this outrage on Hyde road. Also in Albert station there was a handkerchief kept on my head the whole night, so that I could be identified the next morning in the corridor by the witnesses. I was ordered to leave on the handkerchief for the purpose that the witnesses could more plainly see I was one of the parties who committed the outrage. As for myself, I feel the righteousness of my every act, with regard to what I have done in defence of my country. I fear not. I am fearless—fearless of the punishment that can be inflicted on me, and with that, my lords, I have done.

After a moment's pause he said: I beg to be excused. One remark more. I return Mr. Seymour and Mr. Jones my sincere and heartfelt thanks for their able eloquence and advocacy on my part in this affair. I wish also to return to Mr. Roberts the very same. My name, sir, might be wished to be known. It is not William O'Meara Allen. My name is William Philip Allen. I was born and reared in Bandon, in the county of Cork, and from that place I take my name; and I am proud of my country and proud of my parentage. My lords, I have done.

The prisoner Larkin replied:

I have only got a word or two to say concerning Sergt. Brett. As my friend here said, no one could regret the man's death as much as I do. With regard to the charge of pistols and revolvers, and my using them, I call my God as a witness that I neither used pistols, revolvers nor any instrument on that day, that would take the life of a child, let alone a man. Nor did I go there, on purpose to take away life. Certainly, my lords, I do not want to deny that I did go to give aid and assistance to those two noble heroes who were confined in that van, Kelly and Deasy. I did go to do as much as lay in my power to extricate them out of their bondage; but I did not go to take life, nor, my lord, did any one else. It is a misfortune there was life taken; but if it was taken it was not done intentionally, and the man who has taken life we have not got. I was at the scene of action, when there were over, I dare say, 150 people standing by. I am very sorry to have to say, my lord, but I thought I had some respectable people to come up as witnesses against me; but I am sorry to say as my friend said. I will make no more remarks concerning that. All I have to say, my lords and gentlemen, is that so far as my trial went, and the way it was conducted, I believe I have got a fair trial. So far as my noble counsel went, they did their utmost for the protection of my life; likewise my worthy solicitor, Mr. Roberts, has done his best. But I believe the old saying to be a true one, what is decreed a man in the page of life he has to fulfil, either on the gallows, drowning, a fair death in bed, or on the battlefield. So I look to the mercy of God. May God forgive all who have sworn my life away. As I am a dying man, I forgive them from the bottom of my heart. God forgive them.

O'Brien, who spoke in a clear, musical voice, and who looked around the court fearlessly as he uttered his impassioned indictment of English law, said:

I shall commence by saying that every witness who has sworn anything against me has sworn falsely. I have not had a stone in my possession since I was a boy. I had no pistol in my possession on the day when it is alleged this outrage was committed. You call it an outrage; I don't. I say further my name is Michael O'Brien. I was born in the county of Cork, and have the honor to be a fellow-parishioner of Peter O'Neill Crowley, who was fighting against the British troops at Mitchelstown last March, and who fell fighting against British tyranny in Ireland. I am a citizen of the United States of America, and if Charles Francis Adams had done his duty towards me, as he ought to do in this country, I would not be in this dock answering your questions now. Mr. Adams did not come, though I wrote to him. He did not come to see if I could not find evidence to disprove the charge, which I positively could, if he had taken the trouble of sending or coming to see what I could do. I hope the American people will notice that part of the business.

The prisoner here commenced reading from a paper he held in his hand.

The right of man is freedom. The great God has endowed him with affections that he may use, not smother them, and a world that may be enjoyed. Once a man is satisfied he is doing right, and attempts to do anything with that conviction, he must be willing to face all the consequences. Ireland, with its beautiful scenery, its delightful climate, its rich and productive lands, is capable of supporting more than treble its population in ease and comfort. Yet no man, except a paid official of the British government, can say there is a shadow of liberty, that there is a spark of glad life among its plundered and persecuted inhabitants. It is to be hoped that its imbecile and tyrannical rulers will be forever driven from her soil, amidst the execration of the world. How beautifully the aristocrats of England moralize on the despotism of Italy and Dahomey—in the case of Naples, with what indignation did they speak of the ruin of families by the detention of its head or some loved member in a prison. Who has not heard their condemnations of the tyranny that would compel honorable and good men to spend their useful lives in a hopeless banishment?

Judge Blackburne—The only possible effect of your observations must be to tell against you with those who have to consider the sentence. I advise you to say nothing more of that sort. I do so entirely for your own sake.

O'Brien—They cannot find words to express their horror of the cruelties of the King of Dahomey, because he sacrificed 2,000 human beings yearly, but why don't those persons who pretend such virtuous indignation at the misgovernment of other countries look at home, and see that greater crimes than those they charge against other governments are not committed by themselves or by their sanction. Let them look at London, and see the thousands who want bread there, while those aristocrats are rioting in luxuries and crimes. Look to Ireland; see the hundreds of thousands of its people in misery and want. See the virtuous, beautiful and industrious women who only a few years ago—aye, and yet, are obliged to look at their children dying for want of food. Look at what is called the majesty of the law on one side, and the long deep misery of a noble people on the other. Which are the young men of Ireland to respect—the law that murders or banishes their people or the means to resist relentless tyranny and ending their miseries forever under a home government? I need not answer that question here. I trust the Irish people will answer it to their satisfaction soon. I am not astonished at my conviction. The government of this country have the power of convicting any person. They appoint the judge, they choose the jury, and by means of what they call patronage (which is the means of corruption) they have the power of making the laws to suit their purposes. I am confident that my blood will rise a hundred-fold against the tyrants who think proper to commit such an outrage. In the first place, I say I was identified improperly, by having chains on my hands and feet at the time of identification, and the witnesses who have sworn to my throwing stones and firing a pistol have sworn to what is false, for I was, as those ladies said, at the jail gates. I thank my counsel for their able defence, and also Mr. Roberts, for his attention to my case.

Condon, who had been tried under the name of Shore, replied:

My Lords—This has come upon me somewhat by surprise. It appeared to me rather strange that upon any amount of evidence, which, of course, was false, a man could have been convicted of wilfully murdering others that he never saw or heard of before he was put in prison. I do not care to contain your lordships, but I cannot help remarking that Mr. Shaw, who has now come to gloat over his victims, after having sworn away their lives—that man has sworn what is altogether false; and there are contradictions in the depositions which have not been brought before your lordships' notice. I suppose the depositions being imperfect, there was no necessity for it. As to Mr. Batty, he swore at his first examination before the magistrates that a large stone fell on me, a stone which Mr. Roberts said at the time would have killed an elephant. But not the slightest mark was found on my head; and if I was to go round the country, and he with me, as exhibiting the stone having fallen on me, and he to be the man who would swear to it. I do not know which would be looked for with the most earnestness. However, it has been accepted by the jury. Now he says he only thinks so. There is another matter to consider. I have been sworn to, I believe, by some of the witnesses who have also sworn to others, though some of them can prove they were in another city altogether—in Liverpool. Others have an overwhelming alibi, and I should have by right been tried with them. But I suppose your lordships cannot help that. We have, for instance, Thomas, the policeman, who swore to another prisoner. He identified him on a certain day, and the prisoner was not arrested for two days afterwards. As for Thomas, I do not presume that any jury could have believed him. He had heard of the blood-money, and, of course, was prepared to bid pretty high for it. My alibi has not been strong, and unfortunately I was not strong in pocket, and so was not able to produce more testimony where I was at exactly that time. With regard to the unfortunate man who has lost his life, I sympathise with him and his family as deeply as your lordships or the jury, or any one in the court. I deeply regret the unfortunate occurrence, but I am as perfectly innocent of his blood as any man. I never had the slightest intention of taking life. I have done nothing at all in connection with that man, and I do not desire to be accused of a murder which I have not committed.

With regard to another matter, my learned counsel has, no doubt for the best, expressed some opinions on these matters and the misgovernment to which the country has been subjected. I am firmly convinced there is prejudice in the minds of the people, and it has been increased and excited by the newspapers, or by some of them and to a certain extent has influenced the minds of the jury to convict the men standing in this dock on a charge of which—a learned gentleman remarked a few nights since—they would be acquitted if they had been charged with murdering an old woman for the sake of the money in her pocket, but a political offence of this kind they could not. Now with regard to the opinions I hold on national matters—with regard to

CONTINUED ON THE FIFTH PAGE.

LEADVILLE'S RIOT

Results in the Death of Five Men So Far as Known.

HALF A DOZEN OTHERS WOUNDED.

And a Possibility of More Dead Being Found as the Result of the Attack on the Emmett, Where It Is Said the Mob Was Repulsed with Great Slaughter—Property Loss Less Than $30,000—Town Now Full of Troops.

Leadville, Colo., Sept. 22.—Five dead bodies lying at the morgue, and half a dozen wounded, with damage to property to the amount of $25,000, are the visible effects of Sunday night's lawlessness. It is believed that when all is known the list of dead and injured will considerably exceed these figures. Everything is quiet now, the camp being practically under military rule. The fifth name was added to the death list at 6 o'clock last evening by the discovery of the body of Michael Daugherty on the ground near the Emmett mine, where he fell in the attack of the rioters upon the Emmett while flushed with their victoroy at the Coronado. There were many people in upper windows and on house roofs provided with night glasses, who in the brilliant moonlight saw the attack on the Emmett and the repulse of the rioters.

Mowed Down Like Grain.

These watchers say the first volley from the mine was delivered at close range, and that the attacking party fell like grain before the sickle. How many met the fate of Daugherety it may remain for a search of a long abandoned shaft in that vicinity to tell. It now seems that the rioters dragged away their dead and wounded. The story of the defense of the Emmett mine is a thrilling one. Easily accessible and surrounded only by a light board fence, it seems wonderful that it was not quickly overwhelmed, its men slain and the buildings demolished. But the fifteen buckshot found in Daugherty's body and the story of the fearful effect of the first volley from the mine tells how quickly the rioters lost stomach for the bloody business. Had this mine been blown up the great pumps which drain many other mines would have been destroyed, and the ensuing damage frightful to contemplate.

Citizens Hold a Secret Metting.

Yesterday morning's riot, and particularly the attack upon the fire department, has destroyed much of public sympathy for the strikers, and this fact was evinced at a largely attended meeting of representative citizens yesterday afternoon. Their proceedings were secret, but it is undertood that stringent measures were decided upon. Two companies of state militia from Pueblo and Cripple Creek arrived at 4:50 yesterday afternoon, and are now on duty. General Brooks, with several other companies, arrived during the night. The damage at the Coronado by the burning of the oil tanks, boiler houses and machinery is now estimated at $25,000, [illegible] houses burned were valued at $3,000, with no insurance.

Uneasy Feeling in the Camp.

Despite the presence of troops and the unusual quietness of the streets there is a very uneasy feeling prevalent, it being asserted that there are 500 Winchester rifles in the hands of the strikers, whose repeated threats against the military are recalled with alarm. It is the general belief, however, that there will be no further trouble unless the managers begin importing miners.

BACKBONE OF THE STRIKE BROKEN.

Men Who Did the Damage Came from the Cœur d'Alene.

Those who made the attack are said to be miners from the Coeur d'Alene country, who were engaged in the riots there several years ago. It looks as if the backbone of the strike was broken and the outbreak of violence yesterday morning was the final demonstration of the lawless element.

But murder and incendiarism have marked the fourth month of the miners' strike. Fireman O'Keefe was shot through the side while turning on the water that was to quench the flames the rioting strikers had lighted. Police were defied and armed citizens held in check. The shaft-house and machinery of the Coronado were burned. Four residences closely adjoining the mining property went up in flames and four families are homeless. Following is a list of the dead and injured: Dead—Bert Meier, James Benson. Both were miners employed at the Coronado and were killed by the explosion. They were indentified only by means of papers found on the bodies. Mortally wounded — William O'Keefe, foreman of Hose company 2, shot through the stomach; J. Higgins, miner, employed at the Coronado, shot eight times in arms and stomach; John Mahoney, miner, shot through stomach. Injured—Frank Telle, Martin Scott. Both were Coronado miners. Their wounds are not believed to be fatal.

The incendiary mob had put dynamite under some oil tanks and exploded it, thus causing the destruction of the mine property. There were but fifty of them, but they defied the whole power of the city until the citizens arrived by hundreds armed with rifles and ready to fight. But by this time work of the incendiaries was done. The Coronado people heard of the coming of the trouble Sunday night, but the supposition was that the attack was to be made at Emmett.

O'Donnell Finds Slavin Easy.

New York, Sept. 22.—Steve O'Donnell defeated Frank Slavin in the fifth round at the Empire Athletic club in Maspeth, L. I., last night. They met for a twenty-round bout. Slavin was a 2 to 1 favorite at first, but on a rumor that he had injured himself while punching the bag these odds dropped and there was fair betting at 7 to 5 in his favor. O'Donnell had the best of the fight in every round, Slavin being awkward and wild.

Another Man in the Toils.

New Orleans, Sept. 22.—Jos N. Wolfson, a prominent lawyer, was arrested last night for aiding in fleecing the Union National bank out of $36,000. He had just returned from New York.

GALLANT NAVAL OFFICER DEAD.

Lieut. Norton, Who Enlisted as a Drummer When but 14 Years Old.

Chicago, Sept. 19.—Lieutenant Charles F. Norton, U. S. N., died in this city at an early hour yesterday morning at the house of his brother-in-law, E. C. Webster, 4738 Evans avenue. Although retired about a year ago for ill-health Lieutenant Norton was a comparatively young man, not quite 49 years old. He had a long career of thirty-two years in the service. As a boy of 14 years he enlisted as a drummer boy in his father's company of volunteers in the Second Colorado regiment. Six months later he was discharged to accept an appointment in the Naval academy at Annaplis. His long tramp across Colorado's sands to the nearest railway station made him a hero of the public press at the time.

After his graduation at Annapolis he saw eighteen years of almost continuous sea service. He was made lieutenant in 1875. His first cruise as an officer was to South America in 1868. Later he spent much time in the Mediterranean and Chinese ports. His great-grandfather, Jonathan Norton, was an officer in the revolution; another grandfather, Captain Augustus Ford, U. S. N., was in command at Sackett's Harbor, in 1812. He leaves a widow and a little daughter 5 years old.

DEATH OF JAMES M. ASHLEY.

Prominent in Politics in Slavery Days, During the War, and Later.

Alma, Mich., Sept. 17. — Governor James M. Ashley, of Toledo, died at the sanitarium here yesterday of chronic nephritis, aged about 74 years. The governor had occupied a prominent position in political life, especially in connection with the anti-slavery movement, and was one of the originators of the Republican party. He was a member of the national congress from 1858 to 1868.

He was prominently connected with the business interests of the city of Toledo, and was the builder and until recently president of the Ann Arbor Railroad company, which is one of the best railroad properties in Michigan. He leaves a widow, Mrs. Emma Ashley; a daughter, Mrs. Edward Hewitt, of New York, and three sons, James M. Jr., H. W., and C. S. Ashley, all of Toledo. The remains will be taken to Toledo for interment.

BAD RAILWAY WRECK IN INDIANA.

Pay Car and Locomotive Collide Killing Four Men—Others Badly Hurt.

Indianapolis, Sept. 19.—The following men were intantly killed by a collision on the C., H. and D. near Connersville, this state yesterday morning. Christ Sweetman, engineman, Dayton; —— Kinsey, fireman, Cincinnati; Geo. House, conductor, Indianapolis; —— Hughes, fireman, Hamilton. Besides these six others were injured, three badly and one fatally, those worst hurt being: Paymaster Janseng, badly; —— Fishback, porter of the pay car, badly; E. Wysong, foreman of bridges and buildings, badly; —— Conner, engineer, Hamilton, supposed fatally.

The engine was a freight engine and was running wild. The collision wrecked it and sent the pay car into [illegible]

Britishers Watching for Dynamiters.

London, Sept. 19.—As a result of the alleged disclosures said to have been made by the finding of documents upon the person of Edward J. Ivory, alias Edward Bell, of New York, who has been brought to this city from Glasgow on the charge of being concerned in the dynamite conspiracy, the number of policemen on duty in plain clothes at the houses of parliament, the Mansion house, the Royal exchange, the National gallery, the British museum, and other public buildings, have been doubled. The war office has also taken additional precautions here, besides doubling the force of police and sentinels who are guarding the powder magazines at Woolwich.

Laurels for Star Pointer.

Medford, Mass., Sept. 19.—Star Pointer at Mystic park yesterday afternoon not only beat the two accredited faster horses—Robert J. (2:01½) and Frank Agan (2:03¾)—but paced the three fastest heats ever made in competition, the time being 2:02¼, 2:03¼ and 2:03¾, an average of 2:03¼. He also lower the record for the fastest first heat ever paced, 2:02½, as well as the records for the fastest quarter and half, 29¾ and 59¾ respectively. The race between 59¾ respectively.

Declines the Nomination.

Cincinnati, Sept. 21.—Hon. Charles P. Taft, member of congress from the First Ohio district, was renominated by the Republicans for another term last June. Mr. Taft has been at his summer home on the lakes for some weeks, returning Friday. Saturday he sent a letter to the Republican committee declining the nomination. Mr. Taft is editor and publisher of The Times-Star and has other large interests here on account of which he cannot afford to give his time to service in congress.

National Body of Odd Fellows.

Dallas, Sept. 22.—The first session of the sovereign grand lodge, I. O. O. F., was called together at 2 o'clock yesterday, behind closed doors. Grand Sire Stebbins' annual address occupied the time up to 3 o'clock, at which hour an adjournment was taken. The address was a complete statement of the progress of the order, its numbers and its financial condition, all the branches showing an encouraging increase in membership.

Complete Returns from Arkansas.

Little Rock, Ark., Sept. 18.—Complete official returns from the recent election show the following vote for governor: Jones (Dem.), 91,124; Remmell (Rep.), 35,836; Files (Pop.), 13,989; Miller (Pro.), 742; total, 141,120. The state vote in 1892 before the poll tax law was enacted was 156,186, of which the Democrats had 90,115. The vote in 1894, held under the present poll tax law, was 126,986, of which the Democrats had 74,809.

Two Englewood, Ills., Men Killed.

Meadville, Pa., Sept. 22.—Two freight trains on the Erie railroad collided in the fog yesterday morning and were badly wrecked. Edward Harris and M. E. Garland, both of Englewood, Ills., were caught in the wreck and killed. They were about 20 years old and were on their way home after an unsuccessful search for employment.

FALLING OFF IN REVENUE.

Report of Internal Collections for August Show a Decrease.

Washington Sept. 21.—The monthly statement of collections of internal revenues, issued Saturday, shows the total receipts for the month of August to have been $11,527,074, as compared with $12,162,855 during August, 1895. For the two months of the present fiscal year the receipts were $43,234 in excess of the same period in 1895. The August receipts from tne several sources of revenue, together with the increase or decrease in each as compared with the same month in 1895, are given as follows:

Spirits, $5,657,438; increase, $21,657. Tobacco, $2,378,555; decrease, $399,246. Fermented liquors, $3,412,556; decrease, $220,235. Oleomargarine, $60,358; decrease, $24,096. Miscellaneous, $18,165; decrease, $13,860. For the month of July, 1896, as compared with July, 1895, the statement shows a loss of $13,713 in receipts from whisky, a loss of $125,250 from cigars and cheroots, a loss of $215,738 from beer, a gain of $13,589 from spirits distilled from fruits and a gain of $16,997 from cigars.

COLLISION ON THE UNION PACIFIC.

Ten Persons Injured, But Luckily None of Them Seriously.

Butte, Mont., Sept. 20.—By a collision between the Union Pacific express from Salt Lake and the west, and a mixed train on the Montana Union, near Rocker, four miles west of here, yesterday the engines of both trains and the express and smoker of the Union Pacific were wrecked and the following hurt, none seriously: John Murray and Dan Green, Leadville Colo.; Quinn K. Murphy, Red Cliff, Colo.; Joseph O'Brien, Butte; Charles J. Justice, San Francisco; J. H. Elliott, Baker City, Or.; Julius Jacobs, Butte; M. M. Burdick, news agent; H. E. Fisher, baggage master, and A. J. Jones, mail clerk. The engineers and firemen saved themselves by jumping. The accident is attributed to a conflict of orders.

Gondola Captured by the British.

Kerma, On-the-Nile, Sept. 21.—[Copyright, 1896, by the Associated Press.]—Dongola has fallen and the nominal objective point of the British-Egyptian expedition has been reached.

The river forces of the British-Egyptian expedition, pushing up the Nile from El Hafir (the scene of Saturday's fight), landed a force at Dongola and occupied that place before the dervish forces retreating from El Hafir reached that point. El Hafir and Dongola are therefore both in the hands of the expedition, while the dervish forces are somewhere between seeking a refuge.

Silver Service for the Indiana.

New York, Sept. 22.—Governor Claude Matthews and about seventy-five prominent citizens of Indiana went aboard the United States battleship Indiana lying off Tompkinsville, S. I., Monday. They were welcomed by Captain Robley D. Evans, the ship's commander, and a salute of thirteen guns was fired in their honor. The purpose of the visit of this delegation of westerners to the finest of the nation's ships was to present to its officers the silver service and library that the citizens of Indiana have provided for the craft, named in honor of the state they represent.

Some Pension Figures.

Washington, Sept. 22.—Dominic I. Murphy, commissioner of pensions, has made its annual report for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1896, to Secretary Francis. He says: "There were added ot the rolls during the year 40,374 new pensoiners, and there were restored 3,873 who had been previously dropped, a total of 44,247. During the same period the losses were 29,393 by death and 1,141 by remarriage (widows); 1,684 by legal limitation (minors); 2,552 because of failure to claim pension for three years, and 9,32s for other causes, an aggregate of 44,093.

Shot by Tramps.

South Bend, Ind., Sept. 21.—The attempt of three tramps, armed with revolvers, to abduct Maggie Robb at Mishawaka Friday night brought to her assistance E. Tallien, who was twice shot in the face, receiving fatal injuries. The men then ran west toward this city. Officers and citizens went in pursuit and captured two of the miscreants, following closely the third into the swamps. Mishawaka's streets are crowded with excited people who talk of wreaking vengeance upon the tramps

Gold Democrats of Missouri.

St. Louis, Sept. 19.—At a meeting of the state central committee of the National Democratic party of Missouri yesterday it was decided to nominate congressional, state and county officers in all the districts of the state. It was also decided that Judge J. McD. Trimble, the National Democratic nominee for governor, shall open the campaign at Mexico, Mo., Sept. 26.

Iowa Banking House Assigns.

Vinton, Ia., Sept. 19.—The banking house of F. H. Watson & Sons, established some forty years ago, made a general assignment yesterday to Matt Gaasch for the benefit of all creditors. The liabilities are estimated at $250,000 and assets at $350,000. All depositors and other creditors will be paid in full.

Youthful Horsethieves.

Ottumwa, Ia, Sept. 18.—George and Charlie Wishart, 16 and 12 years old, are in jail here charged with horse stealing. They stole five horses in the past week and eluded the officers until Wednesday, when they were captured at Hedrick with three of the horses in their possession.

Senator Gear on the Iowa Stump.

Lenox., Ia., Sept. 18.—Senator John H. Gear spoke in the opera house here yesterday afternoon to 1,000 people. Many were turned away on account of lack of standing room. The gathering was a very enthusiastic one ,and Gear's utterances were frequently cheered.

Harrison Cannot Go on the Stump.

Chicago, Sept. 18.—Ex-President Harrison has asked the Republican national committee not to make any speaking appointments for him, explaining that his contracts for literary and other work would prevent him accepting invitations.

Fitzsimmons Arrested.

New York, Sept. 22.—Robert Fitzsimmons, the pugilist, has been arrested on an indictment found by the grand jury last week, accusing him of agreeing to engage in a prize fight with James J. Corbett.

ILLINOIS MELANGE.

TEMS OF SPECIAL INTEREST TO OUR OWN PEOPLE.

Some of the Principal Happenings of the Week Reported by Telegraph and Placed for Convenience of Our Readers—Matters of Interest.

Hillsboro, Ills., 22.—Workmen excavating for a railway cut in an old burying ground near here, came upon a body in an almost perfect state of preservation, although it had been buried thirty-six years. The features, which had a peculiarly lifelike appearance, were easily recognized by old residents as those of L. S. Booth, who died in 1860. Numerous objects, barely distinguishable as human bones, had been removed from the cut, and the work was progressing without incident when one of the workmen struck something with his pick which gave a hollow and cavernous sound. A few minutes' labor unearthed the end of an iron coffin, which was with some dificulty disloged from its bed and dragged out. The lid was removed and the workmen found themselves looking through a glass upon the body within. The casket and its contents have become objects of much curiosity in the neighborhood. The remarkable preservation is attributed to the fact that the casket was almost hermetically sealed.

Fifteenth to Leave Fort Sheridan.

Chicago, Sept. 21.—The long-expected orders for the transfer of the Fifteenth infantry, stationed at Fort Sheridan, were received Friday evening by General Merritt from Secretary of War Lamont. The Fifteenth is ordered to be divided among the posts at Fort Bayard, N. M., and Forts Grant and Huachuca, A. T. The Fourth infantry, commanded by Colonel Robert Hall, known as Grant's regiment, which has been stationed at Forts Sherman, Boise and Spokane for years, will replace the Fifteenth at Fort Sheridan.

Illinois Town Fire Swept.

Belvidere, Ills., Sept. 19.—The little town of Poplar Grove, north of Belvidere, was nearly swept away by fire at an early hour Thursday morning. The fire started in the icehouse of Renne & Dimond, meat dealers, and soon spread to adjoining buildings. The volunteer fire department did good work. The loss will reach several thousand dollars, with but very little insurance. Renne & Dimond are the principal losers. There is good reason to believe that the fire was of incendiary origin.

Desperate Plan of Revenge.

Danville, Ills., Sept. 18.—Ethel Woods, an unmarried lady of about 22 years, has been arrested for arson. Her lover, George Allen, deserted her, and it is charged that last Sunday night at the hour of midnight she attempted to burn down the house in which he slept. When the fire was discovered the whole side of the house was in flames.

Illinois Crop Report.

Illinois—Favorable week throughout north and west counties, elsewhere dryness retarded plowing and seeding. Serious drought conditions, in many southern counties, with growing dryness and many chinch bugs in south central counties. Corn cutting mostly done and drying out rapidly, husking and cribbing will generally be safe within two weeks.

"Independent Democratic" Goes.

Springfield, Ills., Sept. 21.—Secretary of State Hinrichsen denies that he will discriminate against the gold Democrats in making up the state ticket, but says that the board of review will act strictly according to law. From this it is evident that the name "Independent Democratic" will be permitted to go on the ticket.

Rock River Conference.

Freeport, Ills., Sept. 22.—The fifty-seventh annual session of the Rock river conference of the Methodist Episcopal church will open at Embury church, this city, on Wednesday, Sept. 30, and will close Oct. 5. Bishop E. G. Andrews will preside.

Charged with Forgery.

Fairbury., Ills., Sept. 22.—George Neff is now lying in the county jail, charged with forging the names of several wealthy people of Carthage, Ills., to checks, which he cashed.

State Notes.

Clarence S. Darrow was nominated as a candidate for congressman by the Democrats of the Third congressional (Chicago) district.

Preferring death to imprisonment on a charge of larceny Charles Hennessy, a professional nurse, took strychnine in the Harrison street police station at Chicago, but was saved by the doctors. He had robbed a patient at the hospital.

The Spring Valley Coal company, whose stores at that Illinois coal mine center were looted by a mob two years ago, has again been beaten by a jury in its suit against the town for its inability to protect property. The appellate court has declared the first jury wrong and this case also will be appealed.

Rollin White, was caught in a sorghum roller at Wenona, Ills., and had his right arm torn off.

While quarreling in a hallway at Chicago William Manley was stabbed by James Shannon.

Six Men Probably Drowned.

Boston, Sept. 21.—The twenty-one foot catboat, Hebe, of Dorchester with six men started out for a fishing trip on Saturday morning, expecting to return Saturday night, but had not been heard from up to noon Monday. It is thought that the boat was capsized and the men drowned during the severe squall on Saturday night. The missing men, all of whom reside in the Dorchester district, are: John Gannon, married; Michael F. Burke and John Burke, both single, and Martin J. Burke, all brothers; Patrick C. McCormack, and Henry Donnelly.

Forest Fires in Wisconsin.

Superior, Wis., Sept. 22.—Forest fires in northern Wisconsin are again becoming dangerous. They are burning for thirty miles down the Northern Pacific and South Shore railroads and precautions are being taken against their spread. They are particularly bad at this end of the lake. The fire departments of the city have been at work saving the outlying houses. The fire crept up in the grass and ignited the residences of Alderman Heude and Louis Nelson in South Superior and created bad scares at other points.

NEW YORK DEMOCRATS.

Thacher Gets the First Place on the First Ballot—The Other Nominees.

Buffalo, Sept. 18.—New York Democrats yesterday afternoon nominated John Boyd Thacher, of Albany, for governor. But one ballot was taken. Thacher's only opponents were Congressman Sulzer, of New York city, and Wilber F. Porter, of Watertown. Albany county presented the name of John Boyd Thacher. Alleghany county presented the name of Congressman Sulzer. Jefferson county presented the name of Porter. Elliot Danforth moved the nomination of Wilbur F. Porter for lieutenant governor. Judge Porter was immediately nominated by acclamation. Robert G. Titus was unanimously nominated for judge of the court appeals. Presidential electors were chosen, and the convention adjourned sine die.

The platform is an unequivocal indorsement of the Chicago platform and ticket and a denunciation of Republican state legislation. It is a significant fact that the state organization leaders who have heretofore controlled the conventions of this party are still at the helm. Senator Hill, Senator Edward Murphy, ex-Lieutenant Governor William F. Sheehan, Richard Croker and each one of the smaller lights of the party who serve under these men's banners are undoubtedly satisfied with the work of the convention.

A telegram from New York states that W. F. Sheehan, who declared a few days ago that he would resign his national committee membership if the convention indorsed the Chicago platform and candidates, has kept his promise and sent in his resignation.

EVERYTHING READY FOR MASSACRE.

Turk Said to Have Been Terribly Prepared for an Emergency.

London, Sept. 22.—The Berlin correspondent of The Times quotes a Constantinople dispatch to the Vossiche Zeitung from an unusually well-informed correspondent which is said to have evaded the censorship of the Turkish officials, and which says: "Last Wednesday and Thursday everything was ready for a general massacre of Christians and a bombardment of Constantinople should the European warships attempt to pass the Dardanelles. There were forty-eight guns placed in position on the heights above Pera, and the Turkish fleet in the harbor was cleared for action. The street patrols were composed exclusively of palace troops, while the Sopatschis and Kurdish cavalry, though apparently unarmed, loitered in the streets awaiting the word of command."

The Times has a dispatch from Sebastopol which declares that a portion of the Russian Black sea fleet, consisting of four ironclads, three gunboats and several torpedo boats is cruising off Otchakoff at the mouth of the Dnieper under orders on receipt of a telegram from the Russian ambassador at Constantinople to join the admiral with the remainder of fleet and to go direct to the Bosphorus.

Louis Michel Coming Over.

New York, Sept. 22.—John Most announces that Louise Michel, the French anarchist, would soon undertake a tour of the United States and Canada in the interest of her political theories. She will be accompanied by Charlotte Vanville. The arrangements for the tour are being perfected by Pietro Gori and Francis Marat. The French women will start from London. The date of their departure has not been fixed. The anarchists in this country will give a big reception in their honor on their arrived here.

THE MARKETS.

New York Financial.

New York, Sept. 21.

Money on call easier at 5 per cent.; prime mercantile paper, 7@9 per cent.; sterling exchange firm with actual business in bankers' bills at 4.83½@4.84¼ for demand and 4.81¼@4.82 for sixty days; posted rates, 4.82@4.84½ and 4.84½@4.85½; commercial bills, 4.80½. Silver certificates, 65¼@66½; sales 6,000; bar silver, 65½; Mexican dollars, 50½.

United States government bonds firm; 4's registered, 115½; do. coupons, 115½; 5's registered, 110½; do. coupons, 110¼; 4's registered, 108; do. coupons, 107½; 2's registered, 92½; Pacific 6's of '97, 100½.

Chicago Grain and Produce.

Chicago, Sept. 21.

Following were the quotaions on the board of Trade today: September, opened 60c, closed 61⅛c; December, opened 61c, closed 62⅛c; May, opened 65½c, closed 66⅜c. Corn—September, nominal, closed 21⅛c; December, opened 21⅝c, closed 21⅞c; May, opened 24⅝c, closed 24⅞c. Oats—September, nominal, closed 16⅛c; October, opened 16c, closed 16⅜c; May, opened 19c, closed 19⅛c. Pork—September, nominal closed $5.95; October, opened $5.90, closed $5.95. Lard—September, nominal, closed $3.50; October, opened $3.50, closed $3.52½.

Produce—Butter: Extra creamery, 15c per lb; extra dairy, 13c; fresh packing stock, 6@7c. Eggs—Fresh stock, 14c per doz. Poultry—Turkeys, 8@10c per lb.; chickens, hens, 7½c; spring chickens, 7½c; roosters, 4½c; ducks, 8@9c; geese $4.00@6.00. Potatoes—Early Ohio, 20@22c per bu.; Illinois, 20@22c. Honey—White clover, 13@14c lb.; broken comb, 9@10c; extracted, 5@6c. Apples—Red stock, 75c@$1.50 per bbl.; green stock, 35@75c.

Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, Sept. 21.

Live Stock—Prices at the Union Stock yards today ranged as follows: Hogs—Estimated receipts for the day, 33,000; sales ranged at $2.00@3.30 pigs, $2.90@3.35 light; $2.55@2.75 rough packing, $2.85@3.30 mixed and $2.80@3.25 heavy packing and shipping lots.

Cattle—Estimated receipts for the day, 11,500; quotations ranged at $4.75@5.10 choice to extra shipping steers, $4.40@4.80 good to choice do., $4.05@4.40 fair to good, $3.45@3.90 common to medium, do., $3.40@3.90 butchers steers, $2.50@3.30 stockers, $3.10@3.70 feeders, $1.25@3.40 cows, $2.40@3.80 heifers, $1.75@3.75 bulls, oxen and stags, $2.40@3.60 Texas steers, $2.75@3.80 western rangers, and $3.00@5.75 veal calves.

Sheep and Lambs—Estimated receipts for the day, 30,000; sales ranged at $2.00@2.90 western $2.00@2.75 Texans, $2.00@3.00 natives, and $2.50@4.05 lambs.

Milwaukee Grain.

Milwaukee, Sept. 21.

Wheat—No. 2 spring, 58½c; No. 1 northern, 63½c; December, 61½c. Corn—No. 3, 21c. Oats—No. 2 white, 20c; No. 3 do., 17½@19½c. Barley—No. 2, 33c; samples, 21@32c. Rye—No. 33½@34c.

St. Louis Grain.

St. Louis, Sept. 21.

Wheat—No. 2 red cash elevator, 63½c; track, 62@63c; No. 2 hard, 54½c; September, 63½c nominal; December, 65½c bid. Corn—No. 2 cash, 19½c bid; September, 19½c nominal; December, 20c; May, 22⅛c. Oats—No. 2 cash, 16c bid; September, 16½c asked; May, 19½c bid. Rye—29c nominal.

Detroit Grain.

Detroit, Sept. 21.

Wheat—Cash white, 65½c; cash red, 65½c bid; September, 65½c bid; December, 67½c asked; May, 71c.

HISTORY OF A WEEK.

Wednesday, Sept. 16.

General Wyler says the story that he has had fifty-one rebel prisoners shot is a lie.

Corbett and Fitzsimmons have posted their money, $5,000 each, in the hands of "Al" Smith.

The biennial convention of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen is in session at Galveston.

While on duty on the wooded island, Jackson park, Chicago, Policeman G. T. Cook was stricken with paralysis.

The Great Northern railway's seventh annual report, just issued, shows the road to be in a very prosperous condition.

The Norwegian bark Themis, Captain Tobiasen, from Liverpool, has put into New York with nearly her entire crew sick with a disease resembling scurvy, or beriberi.

The Hickok Lumber company's plant at Ogemwa, Ark., one of the largest in the state, was destroyed by fire. Loss estimated at $75,000.

The Little Rock cotton compress, stored with 5,000 bales of cotton, was destroyed by fire, the total loss being $300,000.

Thursday, Sept. 17.

Carrie Jennings, colored, in a fit of jealousy stabbed Monroe Bell, colored, aged 32, to death and then fatally shot herself in the head, at Louisville.

By the terms of the will of Professor Marshall, late president of Coe college, Cedar Rapids, Ia., that institution will receive a bequest of $6,000.

The delegates of the Twelfth New York congressional district of the protection Democracy unanimously nominated ex-Mayor Abram S. Hewitt for congress.

At the request of the Spanish ambassador in Paris the French government will soon order Dr. Betances, the Cuban delegate to France, to leave French territory.

James Keenen, a musician living at Cleveland, is under arrest charged with killing Anna King, a fallen woman, two years ago in Buffalo, N. Y. His accuser is his mistress.

Malignant diphtheria is raging in a district four miles from West Baden and French Lick Springs, Ind.

The body of an unidentified man was found floating in the Chicago river. The man was apparently a laborer of middle age.

Friday, Sept. 18.

General Bragg has been unanimously re-elected president of the Iron Brigade association.

Obituary: At Danville, Ky., Rev. William Clark Young, 54; at Rochester, Ind., Professor Tschudy, of Terre Haute.

Patrick McNichols was instantly killed while crossing West Forty-eighth street, Chicago, by a Cicero and Proviso electric car.

Government officers and timber thieves had a desperate battle in Ozark county, Mo., four of the thieves being killed and one deputy fatally wounded.

A dispatch from Key West, Fla., says that advices there report the Spanish cruiser Infanta Isabel as disabled at the entrance to the port of Havana.

Minister Willis denies that President Cleveland empowered him to treat with the Hawaiian government for either annexation or restoration of the monarchy.

Lillian Swan, or Daly, a mulatto girl who was kidnaped from her home in Washington, D. C., thirteen years ago, and who recently discovered her identity and the whereabouts of her relatives, is to be returned to her eastern home from San Francisco.

Saturday, Sept. 19.

Complete returns of the Maine election show the vote as follows: For Powers (Rep.), 83,578; for Frank (Dem.), 34,841. Republican plurality, 48,732.

Orrin W. Skinner, one of the cleverest forgers and swindlers in the country, died Thursday in Auburn prison, N. Y. He once practiced law in Chicago.

Li Hung Chang has presented General Ruger, Assistant Secretary Rockhill and Mrs. Carlisle with elegant rolls of silk and chests of tea valued at $24 a pound.

Professor W. A. Puckner, of the Chicago College of Pharmacy, says that the so-called "tasteless sulphate of quinine" is nothing but powdered plaster of paris.

Mrs. Demetrius Callias, formerly Mrs. P. T. Barnum, has sailed for Constantinople, being summoued by a cablegram announcing the fatal illness of her husband.

The American Presbyterian church in Aguas Callentes, Mexico was wrecked by a mob and the pastor's house was attacked.

Monday, Sept. 14.

A dispatch from Marseilles reports that Miss Frances Willard and Lady Henry Somerset have arrived there in the interest of the Armenian refugees.

Corbett and Fitzsimmons have been indicted by the grand jury and warrants issued for merely talking about a prize fight, at New York.

Four powder mills at Hazardville Conn., were blown up Saturday. Lightning struck one mill and the explosion set fire to the other three. No one was killed or injured.

Cecil Rhodes has warned the Matabele rebels that unless they quit the Matoppo hills within ten days hostilities against them will be resumed.

The outlay incurred by the Spanish government in making additions to the navy amounts to $35,000,000.

The national Baptist convention in session at St. Louis elected the following officers: President, Rev. E. C. Morris, D. D., Little Rock; Secretary, Rev. William H. Steward, A. M., Louisville.

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Prove the merit of Hood's Sarsaparilla—positive, perfect, permanent Cures.

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THE GYPSY TAINT.

Father is a townsman, mother from the far
Green southern uplands, where wealthy pastures are.
My kith and my kindred are prosperous and sleek,
Who feed well and work well and thrive all the week.

But somewhere and some time, many a year ago,
There was a gypsy woman that right well I know—
A wild, dark woman from the moor and wold—
Who bare me an ancestor in days of old.

They hushed up her memory, hid her name away,
Thought they had done with her forever and a day,
Yet hath she left a heritage that none else shall win
Whereunto my wandering feet have entered in.

For surely when the dead leaves scutter down the street
With a rush and a rustle, like little flying feet;
When the sou'west wakens and with scared looks askance
The townsfolk hasten from the storm's advance,

My whole soul sickens with a fierce desire.
Stress of sudden longing sets my blood on fire
For the wind on the hilltop in a lonely place
And the cold, soft raindrops blowing on my face,

For the steep hung hedges of the winding road
And the forest pathway by the stream o'erflowed,
For the storm swept heather where the blackcock whirs
And the salt wind whistles through the stunted firs,

For the brown wood water, and the brown field's smell,
And the wide sea marshes where the curlews dwell,
For the moorland black against the last red light,
And the sunk reef's breakers brawling to the night.

Hide within your houses with your glaring gas!
Mine shall be the peat smoke in the beech roofed grass.
Count your sordid silver, tell your grimy gain!
Mine shall be the treasures of the wind and rain.

—May Byron in San Francisco Argonaut.

THE STORY OF MAG.

Just above this little mountain village there is a place known as Lost Creek waterfall. The name is not a specially romantic one, but it has at least the merit of describing the place which it designates. Lost creek is a typical mountain stream that comes roaring, brawling down the mountain until it reaches a certain high cliff, over which it plunges in a graceful, quivering column. It throws up a shower of silvery spray from the rocks below, but instead of flowing on down the surface of the mountain it plunges into a dark, small mouthed, subterranean cavern and is in all verity "lost" to human sight, as the name implies. Occasionally a wayfarer will throw a rock inside and listen to the hollow thud, thud, as it seems to bound from ledge to ledge into the awful darkness of the earth's interior. Almost half a mile farther down the mountain the stream emerges from its underground course as abruptly as it disappeared. There are vague rumors that soldiers, hard pressed by their foes, traversed this awful passageway during the dark days of the war, but these are only rumors, and no one now cares by actual test to prove or disprove their possibility.

Only one person is really known to have passed through this journey, and that one brought no news as to its mysteries. The lips were sealed forever, and the eyes, unwavering, stared up at the sun above them. The memory of the awful exit gives the subterranean passageway a horror deeper than its own, but the self engrossing heroism of the entrance gives the waterfall a grandeur greater than that of its rocks, purer than the snowy whiteness of its foam and more soul refreshing than the coolness of its spray.

Tom Houston was one of the pleasantest, most industrious young farmers on that slope of Cumberland mountain, and Mag Lassiter was one of the wildest, most worthless of the mountain belles. The neighbors all said a great deal of good about Tom and very little of bad, beyond the fact that he was rather easily influenced. The best that could be said about Mag was that she was pretty and full of life, and that she generally stuck to her friends through thick and thin—as long as she cared to.

As to the evil said about her, there was almost no end of it. The whisperings that connected her name with certain moonshining operations could hardly be included under this head, for public opinion on the mountains in those days was far from unanimous in declaring such things evil. Far more serious were the rumors that she had used the power of her beauty to lure numerous young men on to destruction. Many rather serious misdeeds were supposed to have their origin with her influence, but nothing definite was ever known about them. When she first began to make friends with Tom Houston, everybody said that no good could come of it. Several of the older men and women took it on themselves to warn Tom, but he refused to be warned. As usual, the voice of youth and life and beauty had more influence than the voice of old age and experience and ugliness.

The crash came sooner than any one expected. One night at a dance Tom called out the two Dickens boys, and, seemingly in cold blood, shot them dead. The Dickens boys were members of one of the most prominent families on the mountain, and the excitement which followed the killing was intense. Everybody remembered that Mag had formerly had a fierce quarrel with the elder of the brothers, and that he was said to be the only young man on the mountain who had successfully resisted her wiles. Everybody suspected that the murder was instigated by Mag, but nobody knew it. Only Tom Houston could know it, and it was recognized by all that Tom would never tell. Besides, after the killing, Tom had fled and was now somewhere in hiding.

There was reason to believe that he had not gone far away, but it was hard to find him. The mountain was thoroughly aroused. The prominence of the murdered men and the cold bloodedness of the deed made every one feel an interest in bringing the slayer to justice. Pickets were scattered in a line that surrounded the whole slope of the mountain where Tom was supposed to be hiding, but still the task was no easy one. The mountain side at that place was so full of deep ravines and holes in the rocks that a dozen men might easily elude anything but the most careful search. Still it was only a question of time.

One evening several days after the killing Mag walked into the sheriff's office at Jasper. Without even glancing at the group of loungers hanging about as usual she looked defiantly at the sheriff and addressed him in harsh, strident tones, very unlike those in which she generally spoke.

"I've come to tell you uns that your men has got Tom Houston penned safe an sound," she said. "Thar ain't no possible way out for him. I guess you already knowed that, though."

"I sorter guessed it," replied the sheriff, as he chuckled and looked around in some uncertainty.

"Ef you think you'll have an easy job to take him, you're mistaken, though," continued Mag. "That mounting is cz full of little ole gullies an holes as an old kitchen is of rat holes, an I don't reckon any man in Tennessee knows 'em any better than Tom does. It may be a month before you ketch him. Besides, Tom's got shootin irons, an he knows how to use 'em too. There'll be the devil to pay before you take him unless you get help."

"Help?" repeated the sheriff rather vaguely. "Ain't I got half the men on the mounting to help me now? What kind of help do you mean?"

"Gimme $50, an I'll take you right where he is tomorrow mornin, an I'll gyarantee he don't fire nary shot neither."

The sheriff uttered a low, long drawn whistle of surprise, and the loungers about the office exchanged remarks in an undertone. They had always known "that gal was no good, but darned if they'd ever have believed she was low down enough to get a fellow into trouble an then sell his life to the officers for $50, darned if they would."

"There's some conditions about it," continued Mag haughtily and without heeding these comments. "Them $50 must be in my hand in bills in the mornin before I budge ary step of the way. After I take you where he is you must give me two minutes by the watch to talk to him before you do anything. Then, if he tries to run, you must give him at least 50 yards start before you begin shootin. I ain't a-goin to see him shot down like a dog without no chance at all. After it's all over I'm goin to leave this here God forsaken country myself, an you've got to promise me that nobody'll try to foller or to see which way I've gone."

"I don't blame her for that last part," whispered a bystander, winking significantly.

The sheriff thought the matter over. He went out and talked to several of the friends of the murdered men about it. All agreed that Mag's plan, though an unspeakably base one on her part, might result in saving several weeks of time and possibly several human lives. Perhaps it was the cheapest way out of the difficulty. Old man Dickens readily agreed to furnish the money. The result of the consultation was that Mag was informed that her terms were accepted.

The next morning, before sunrise, when Mag met the sheriff's posse at the meeting point agreed upon the evening before, it was noticed that she had a big, black bruise under her right eye.

"Have you been in a scrap, Mag?" asked one of the posse, with a clumsy attempt at jocularity.

"I seen Tom last night," replied the girl, with a forced laugh, "an he whacked me in the eye with his fist an cussed me for gettin him into trouble, as he said. I didn't mind the lick—but the cussin."

Here the girl's voice quavered, and those nearest to her thought they saw the glimmer of a tear in her eye.

"I soon made it all right with him though," she continued, regaining her self possession. "But I didn't tell him what a nice lot of visitors I was goin to bring him this morning. He, he!"

There were some black looks exchanged and some remarks made in an undertone as to the baseness of the girl's treachery, but she deigned no reply until she came within hearing of the Lost Creek waterfall, to which reference has been made before.

"Call in all your pickets," she exclaimed imperiously. "Tom's mighty nigh here somewheres, an you uns is such pore shots that you'd better have a lot of men ready to shoot."

The pickets had spent the night before on the mountain as they had also spent several nights preceding. Word was now sent out, and all of them were summoned down to the spot in question.

"Now stay where you are an remember about them two minutes you promised to give us—for our last interview, you know. He, he!"

With there words Mag cautiously advanced until within about 50 yards of the fall. Then she stepped out of sight between several large bowlders. The posse grasped their rifles and waited in silence. The sheriff held in hand a watch with which to tell the passage of the two minutes.

"Do you reckon he's been hidin all this time in that hole?" asked one man in a low whisper.

"What do you reckon she's a-sayin to him?" asked another.

Then all was quiet save for the "tick, tick" of the sheriff's watch. When the time lacked but a few seconds of being out, a woman's figure hurriedly glided from behind the rocks and hastened up the mountain side. The left hand pressed a handkerchief to the eyes, but the right hand pointed backward toward the rocks. Scarcely a moment later a man's figure emerged and made a wild dash for Lost Creek waterfall. There was no mistaking the apparel. It was the same suit of well worn "butternut" jeans and the same old brown peaked slouch hat that Tom Houston had worn when he disappeared. Perhaps it was the recollection of their promise, or perhaps it was only the suddenness of the apparition; at any rate not a shot was fired until the figure made a final leap before disappearing into the deep, dark hole into which the water fell. Just as it was poised in midair half a dozen rifles rang out loud and clear. High above the multitudinous mountain echoes which they woke a wild, shrill scream arose. Every man in the posse rushed pellmell to the black hole, but when they peered into its depths nothing was to be seen and nothing was to be heard save the roar of the fall and the swish of the foam.

"Those rocks on that side would give a fellow plenty of foothold," remarked one man to the sheriff. "Air yo' a-goin in?"

"Naw!" answered that official. "I ain't hankering to run afoul of Tom Houston's shootin irons in the dark."

However, he put his face in at the dark opening and shouted, "Surrender!" though his voice was well nigh drowned by that of the water. Then very cautiously he pushed a big revolver into the darkness and pulled the trigger. A long, reverberating, cavernous bellow was the only response.

"Jeeminy!" he ejaculated. "It sounds like a million of devils might live down there."

Then a sudden thought seemed to strike him.

"See here," he shouted. "About half of you fellows run down the mounting—quick, an stand guard at the place where Lost crick comes out again."

His meaning was comprehended in an instant, and about half the posse dashed away to execute his orders.

"So that was Mag's little game, was it?" continued the sheriff. "She thought I'd call in my picket lines an then Tom could slip out the lower end of this hole—guess nobody knows it better than him, an she'd have her $50 besides. She was sharp to get her money beforehand. I wonder where she is now."

She was nowhere to be seen. It seemed that during the tumult she had slipped away unobserved. The sheriff made no attempt to follow her; perhaps he remembered his promise not to do so.

"It don't make no difference," he remarked. "We've got Tom in a hole this time sure, with both ends of the hole guarded. It's only a question of a little time now. If we don't drive him out, we can easily starve him out. I think some fellow winged him when he jumped anyhow."

That night three men with rifles in their hands stood guard at the lower opening of the underground passageway of Lost creek, and three stood at the upper one. The next day they were relieved by others, and so it continued for a full week. Tom Houston did not appear. One afternoon at the end of this period Tom's big peaked slouch hat floated out into the sunlight at the lower entrance. The watchers examined it with all the eagerness of intense excitement.

"Somethin else is goin to float out pretty soon now," exclaimed one in an awestruck whisper.

Sure enough, not half an hour later "something else" did float out.

"Look out! It's comin," exclaimed the first one who saw it.

As it reached the first faint rays of daylight the watchers peering in could recognize the well worn suit of "butternut" jeans which Tom Houston had been used to wear. When it reached the full light of day, they saw that a wealth of soft brown hair had fallen back from the marble brow of a woman. They had to take a second glance to realize that it was Mag. The old, radiant beauty was unconquered even by death, but the old look of haughty defiance was gone, and in its place was a look of tender restfulness that was new to them. The only sign of a struggle was the black welt on the face where Tom had struck her when she went to him to unfold her plan for saving his life. As the watchers gazed at the placid features the various details of her self sacrifice came to them one at a time.

"I bet she had him hid in this place all along," whispered one. "The only trouble was that the lines was drawed so tight around that she couldn't get him out."

"She changed clo'es with him mighty quick that evenin," said another.

"Tom slipped off with her clothes on, but I bet she had some others hid out somewheres for him to put on. I wouldn't doubt but she gave him them $50 to go on. Lord knows where he is by this time—in Halifax mebby."

"She thought she could make her way down here an slip out before we'd think to head her off. She might a-done it, too, if some fellow hadn't winged her when she jumped," said one of the guards, lifting her right arm. "It seemed to have been shattered by a rifle ball."

"She was a powerful sinful woman," said another.

"Yes, but she loved Tom Houston an awful sight," said the third.

And in the lapse and flash of the water against the rocks it seemed as if one could almost hear the voice of him who said:

"Her sins, which are many, are forgiven, for she loved much."—New York Tribune.

Why She Resigned.

"I don't know what we're coming to," said Mr. Cumrox gloomily. "I guess I'll have to turn in and write my letters myself."

"Can't you employ an amanuensis?" asked his wife.

"I thought I had one. She came to work this morning, and when she sat down to the typewriter I says to her, 'Now, I want you to take down what I'm goin to dictate exactly as I say it.'"

"Wouldn't she do it?"

"No. She rose up an said there was no use o' her tryin to hold the position 'cause she'd never learned to write dialect."—Washington Star.

THE WEIRDEST SPOT.

BLOOD CURDLING FEATURES OF SUPERSTITION MOUNTAIN.

Travelers Say It Is the Most Uncanny Spot on the Face of the Earth—Some of the Experiences Likely to Befall the Venturesome Night Explorer.

The most uncanny spot on the face of the earth is very likely within the boundaries of the Superstition mountains in Arizona. The name was given this range of volcanic rock by the Indians, and never was name more appropriate. Of course the educated man of today knows that all of the strange and weird phenomena to be seen there are the result of natural causes and can be easily explained, but the poor Indian who knows not these things can hardly be blamed for having a wholesome fear of any part of the range.

The stories the Indians tell of the Superstition mountains would take months to repeat, but the idea of all of them seems to be to impress the fact that the arch fiend who presides over the domain has a hatred of the red man and is constantly laying traps to destroy him. All who enter the realms of horror do so at the risk of never coming back, and all who do come back have some new tale to add to the already long list. The most terrible things told of are the swinging stones that turn out from the walls of a canyon and crush the passerby. Then there are places where the ghosts dance; trees that reach out their branches and entangle all who come near them. There are caverns filled with witches and devils and awful birds that make the strangest sounds. Wild animals by the thousands come right out of the solid rocks. Fishes with legs come from the lakes and drown all within their reach. Fire and smoke and horrible groans and howls fill the air on all sides.

To see the weird aspect of this uncanny region it is best to select that time of the month when the moon is full. The most interesting portion is in a canyon that opens on the north side of the range, and if an explorer will manage to get about ten miles into this during the daytime, and, after selecting a quiet spot, wait for the moon to rise, he can have an experience he will never forget. But don't go unless your nerves are strong.

In most parts of the world silence comes with the night. Just the reverse seems to be the case in the Superstition mountains. Or is this imagination? But suddenly the air is rent with the most unearthly shrieks that ever fell on mortal ears. Again and again it comes and rolls and echoes through the canyons, getting weirder with each reverberation. The cry is taken up on all sides until the mountains seem like pandemonium.

But nerve yourself and pass on. Keep to the bottom of the canyon, and you will be in no danger of a fall. Silence will come again, and if you keep on you will soon see a cone shaped mountain rising before you. Approach closer, and a castle as perfect as any on the banks of the Rhine will appear perched on its summit. When near enough, a soft, muffled sound of footsteps will be heard. What is it? By looking carefully a procession of panthers can be seen walking around the cone shaped mountain as if guarding the castle on its summit.

Round and round they go, looking neither to right nor left, and though considerable noise is made they will not notice it. Many old hunters say that it is possible for a man to walk right across the line and the panthers will not attack him.

Farther up the canyon are numerous gulches, into which the moonlight falls. One of them has a sort of overhanging ledge, and beneath it appears a crowd of men. Surely they are talking, for their arms appear to move, their heads turn from side to side. Some have on white clothes and others appear to be of different colors. A peculiar sound like the murmur of voices fills the air.

By climbing a small canyon to the left the most startling sight in the mountain can be seen. Surely it is not of this world. The canyon suddenly terminates in a gulch that crosses it from side to side. At first sight it is only an abyss of inky blackness. Listen! A peculiar rumbling sound can be heard, and from the profound depth a white robed figure will appear; then another and another, until there is a whole procession of ghosts passing over the brink.

Many of them will wave their arms, as if beckoning the observer. While this is going on clouds will appear to float in from the sides, and perhaps thunder will be heard in the distance. But the procession moves on and passes up a canyon, and finally disappears over a cliff. Silence will follow, and the act will be repeated. This canyon cannot be traversed farther, but by turning back and entering a small valley on the other side three giants can be seen in conference. They are sitting close to a tree, and their attitudes show them to be interested in what one of them is saying.

Farther up the canyon there is a large cliff, and behind it at intervals can be seen flashes of light. Thunder follows and the earth beneath your feet will shake. Possibly one of the flashes may throw you to the ground, and you can hear the hissing of serpents near by. If you happen to be in the right place, you can hear a grinding sound and a rock on top of a cliff will swing outward. But it won't fall, as the next shake will swing it back.

Dozens of experiences like those just related are likely to befall the night explorer in the Superstition mountains, so that when daylight comes he will feel as if he has been to the infernal regions or with Alice in Wonderland.—San Francisco Call.

She Wasn't Real Lacy.

First Young Woman—Has she style?

Second Young Woman—Ye-es, after a sort of patent valenciennes fashion.—New York Times.

The Trained Nurse.

"It is a marvel," comments a woman, "how the sick and those who cared for them ever endured their burdens in the days when trained nurses were, if not unknown, so rare as to be practically unobtainable. I studied one who entered the sickroom of my son after I had officiated for two days. Her ministrations were wonderful in their soothing effect, yet apparently she did only the things I had been trying to do. It was her promptness, for one thing, that was a great efficiency. She wasted no time, never announced anything she proposed to do, but did it at once. Was he hot and restless, she slipped a crumb of ice into his mouth, gently sponged his face and hands, and, with no effort on his part, got him over to the fresh pillow and cool side of the bed while she smoothed the rumpled linen in readiness for his return when the next change was needed. She never worried him by saying, 'Now it is time to take your temperature,' or, 'You must have your tablets now.' She simply went to him quietly with the thermometer or glass of water, and before he knew or dreaded it the little ordeal was over. She evolved order out of the chaos of the medicine table; boxes and bottles, spoons, cups and bowls were put each in a place where they always remained during her stay when not in use; the light of the room was toned down, order and quietness were everywhere, and everything was done, while apparently she was never busy. It was such a relief to resign my sick to her trained, alert intelligence, against which my care suddenly stood out in all its awkwardness and inefficiency."—New York Times.

Egyptian Onions.

Egypt has been regarded by some people as the land of pyramids and mummies only, but it has from time immemorial had a reputation for onions. Ancient Egyptians swore by the onion and regarded the plant as sacred. The inscription on the pyramid of Cheops tells us that the workmen had onions given to them, and from the Bible we learn that the Hebrews, when slaves under Pharaoh, enjoyed these bulbs, and that when far away they remembered "the leeks, and the onions, and the garlic." The Egyptian onion is a handsome and useful vegetable, and by selecting the best strains of seed the quality tends, year by year, to improve. The Egyptian knows two varieties, the "Baali" and the "Miskaoui," but supplies of the latter kind are seldom sent abroad, as they absorb so much moisture from the frequently irrigated ground in which they are grown that they do not stand a sea voyage well. The "Baali" onion is the more popular Egyptian onion and is grown in yellow soil, which is sparingly watered while the bulbs are maturing, in order that the onions may stand a lengthy sea voyage, with little risk of sprouting. So excellent in quality are these onions that efforts are, it is said, being made in other countries to raise onions from Egyptian seed.—Chambers' Journal.

Only the Silly Suffer.

The vaccination commission easily holds the record in the long distance competition of royal commissions. It sat for seven years, and now that it has reported the finding of the majority should settle the question.

That vaccination is a good thing, and that, with proper precautions as to purity of lymph, etc., it should be universal, is now, as before, placed beyond question, but the commission is of opinion that some individual liberty should be allowed, and that repeated "vaccination prosecutions" only lead to persecution and to the making of martyrs of a little handful of silly people. Smallpox is now sufficiently under control, and those who are vaccinated in infancy and revaccinated at the age of 12 are so protected that when cases do arise it is the silly people themselves who suffer.

And this is as it should be. There are a great many things that our medical high priests would like to see made compulsory, but life is too short, and it is impossible for us to be inoculated for all the complaints against which some "lymph" has been prepared.—Saturday Review.

Flowers That Endure Frost.

In his report on the flora of Wyoming Professor Aven Nelson remarks that the power to withstand frost which has been so remarkably developed in mountain floras is an unceasing cause of wonder, and the great beds of phlox, mertensia, gilia, actinella and other plants which he saw blooming freely when the night temperature fell from 5 to 20 degrees below the freezing point suggested questions which are difficult to answer. Professor Nelson thinks that reduced atmospheric pressure plays an important part in preventing injury to plants, for the same species at lower altitudes would certainly perish in such cold. As an illustration of this he states that late in August, 1890, he noted a plot of potatoes in full blossom at an elevation of some 9,000 feet. For three successive days he watched these plants, which then showed no trace of injury, although every night there were heavy frosts and ice formed in exposed water pails. Such a degree of cold would, of course, have killed potato plants growing at the sea level.—Garden and Forest.

Hero of Rorke's Drift.

The "Hero of Rorke's Drift" was the description popularly accorded in England 17 years ago to a young subaltern of royal engineers by whose coolness and resource the Zulu warriors were kept at bay by a mere handful of men after the disaster of Isandhlwana. Time runs so fast that most people have forgotten the name of the officer whose gallantry was then the subject of general approbation. One reads now of a Lieutenant Colonel J. R. M. Chard, V. C., transferred from Cardiff to Perth as commanding royal engineer. This is the "Hero of Rorke's Drift," who, since he established his reputation as a soldier in South Africa in 1879, has had no opportunity to attain further distinction.

FAULT OF A CRACK SHOT.

He Could Do Stunts With a Rifle, but Couldn't Hit Big Game at First.

A man went up in Jackson's Hole, Ida., to hunt. He could hit a can thrown into the air; he could hit swinging targets and shoot the bottoms out of beer bottles through the necks. The way he drove tacks was a marvel, and he was a fine shot at sparrow herds. When he arrived, it looked as if the Jackson's Hole game was going to suffer.

With him went a man who couldn't shoot in any such style. His rifle was a good one. He could hit a tin corn can at 50 yards very often, but he couldn't begin to compare with his friend as a fine shot. He was something of a hunter. He had killed bear and other big game though.

Both got to shooting in due time. The crack shot had a 38.55 with which he was perfectly familiar. His friend had a 45.10. The 38.55 was a more accurate weapon and plenty heavy enough for the game sought. The two men were still hunting one day and ran into a bunch of antelopes. There were seven of them, and in some way they allowed the men to get within 50 yards before they started. Both men opened fire, and away went the beasts full tilt. The survivors were soon out of sight. There were three dead antelopes. Not one had been touched by a 38.55 bullet, nor was there blood on the tails of the others. Neither was the crack shot excited at all. To prove it he threw one of his 38.55 shells into the air and cut it in two with a bullet.

Another day the crack shot at marks got to shooting at a deer. He fired five shots and never drew blood. He emptied the rest of the bullets from his repeater into a spot the size of a dollar 80 yards away. He shot the heads off some birds at 15 or 20 paces. He missed deer at 100 yards in spite of their standing still to look at him in the open.

It was weeks before he got to killing any big game at all. Then one day he saw a deer on a level with him and about 60 yards away, standing still in the open. After three shots he killed it. The bullet had broken the backbone instead of going through the fore shoulders, as he had expected. He aimed low, very low thereafter, and he killed plenty of game then. The moral is that green hunters of big game usually shoot too high.—New York Sun.

True When Written.

I was attracted to a place in Virginia near the Atlantic ocean, where the combined advantages of surf bathing and an absence of mosquitoes was advertised.

The surf bathing was there, but there were never more or larger mosquitoes than infested the place. The landlord was a leader in the church and made a great point of his conscientiousness, so I questioned him about the insects.

"Mosquitoes worse this year than usual?" I asked.

"Reckon not. They gen'ally bite purty sharp this season of the y'ar."

"Are there always this many here?"

"Erbout. Some gits killed, but don't seem ter make no difference."

"Didn't you advertise that the place was free from mosquitoes?"

"Sartin. I allus do, an ef ther war a single skeeter here I'd say so. I never lied yit, an I never shall. No, sir. When I say a thing, it's jest that way. I would be willin to give you $100 fer every skeeter you could hav found hyar when I writ that thar ad. las January. Ef you stay till frost, you'll fin that thar ain't one lef'. In July an August it stan's to reason thar mus' be skeeters."—Washington Star.

A Mantrap.

Those whose acquaintance with clams extends only to "little necks on the half shell" will be slow to think evil of any members of so delightful a family. But the shy and peaceful "little neck" has some big brothers who vigorously resent any attempt to pry into their personal affairs.

Men have accidentally stepped into the open jaws of these huge clams at low tide, and the clams, closing their jaws, have held them fast until the tide rose, when the men were drowned. Other men have reached for a lure in the form of a luminous spot. The instant they touched it the shells of a clam closed on their arms, and in a few minutes the men were drowned.

Some of these clams that trap men are found imbedded in the coral reefs of the Pacific and Indian oceans, and the men captured are pearl divers. The flesh of one of the huge clams sometimes weighs 20 pounds, and added to that is the 500 pounds or more of shell. The shell is sometimes 5 feet long by 3½ feet wide.—Youth's Companion.

Effect of Good Housing Upon the Poor.

Lord Shaftesbury, who practically interested himself for more than 60 years in improving the homes of the masses, said time and again that many of the people who were in a filthy and deplorable condition had been made so by their surroundings, and that where their homes had been improved they had been rescued from such conditions. Human nature is imitative; the force of good example is catching. Lack of opportunity to lead a more civilized existence, not the inclination to remain as they are, largely explains the situation of the poorer elements among city dwellers. Sir Sidney Waterlow cites the punctuality with which the rents are paid to his corporation as evidence that people having good rooms are anxious to keep them. He believes that there is a growing desire for comfortable homes.—Century.

The New Man Must Hustle.

The colleges for women are said to be besieged with applicants for the higher education, with the number constantly increasing. This suggests two facts—the possibilities of the race for intellectual development when the women are so eager for knowledge, and the absolute necessity for the new man to be up and doing to keep pace with the feminine procession.—Baltimore American.

THAT WICKED HABIT

A DRUMMER'S VIEWS OF SMOKING AND ONE OF HIS STORIES.

He Can Tell All About a Man From the Way He Smokes a Cigar—A Banker Who Escaped Ruin Because of the Sociability In the Smoking Habit.

"You can tell a good deal about a man by the way he smokes a cigar," said a traveling man in a philosophical mood at one of the hotels the other day. "And it goes without saying that you can also tell something of his disposition by the brand he generally smokes. For instance, you see him coming out from the dining room after regaling the physical man with the delicacies of a first class menu. He sits on the cool side of the building, draws a long black cigar from his pocket and bites about half an inch off from one end, sets the other to blazing and is soon puffing great clouds of smoke that ring and curl all around him. If he pulls at it furiously, I always think he doesn't know how to enjoy a good cigar. He will probably smoke two cigars while another man is enjoying one. In that event, it is generally a mild weed that he prefers. At any rate, it is an indication of his nervous temperament. Such a man is never happy unless he is in the midst of constant change. He is impulsive and even hot tempered. If you want to sell him any goods, it should be policy on your part not to cross him if you can avoid it.

"Then there is the other fellow who methodically takes his knife out of his pocket while he continues talking to his companion and slowly trims the end of his favorite brand, returns his knife to his pocket and settles back in his chair for a quiet smoke. Putting the cigar into his mouth, he generally chews the end of it for five minutes before the lighting operation is performed. And when he puffs, you would hardly know it. The delicate white ash hides the fire, and the thin line of smoke is hardly visible as it curls lazily upward. Yet he never has to relight his cigar. Such a man is introspective, cool in an emergency, logical in his thinking and just the opposite in temper to the one I previously described. If anything startling should turn up, he would never appear surprised. If he gets beat in a game of high five, he never shows his chagrin. And I venture to say that if his life purpose were thwarted—and he has one—very few people would ever know it. He would suffer like the Spartan boy with the fox concealed under his coat and gnawing out his vitals. Some would say this is all bosh, but I fancy there is something in it." And the man relapsed into silence again for a moment while he watched the blue rings wafted away by the cool breeze that is so graceful on a hot August day.

"Speaking of the wicked habit of smoking," he continued after a minute, "I know a man who conscientiously declares that it is not so. He says that if he didn't know how to enjoy a good cigar he would have been a poor man today. That sounds a little strange, doesn't it? Well, this is how it happened, as the story teller says. He was seated in front of the Southern hotel, St. Louis, one day. He was a traveling man and had lit his after dinner cigar. A gruff looking gentleman was seated next to him. He was smoking too. They sat there in silence for several minutes, perhaps a half hour. Finally the drummer was aroused from his reflections by hearing an expression from his neighbor's lips which Noah Webster never invented. He was going through his pockets for a match. The drummer politely tendered him one from his neat little matchbox and handed him a cigar, too, adding that he had better take a fresh one. From that they fell to talking, first about cigars. The gruff gent warmed up at once and wanted to know where the drummer got such a choice cigar. It happened to be a first class brand which the latter had picked up in the south. From that the two fell into quite a pleasant conversation. The drummer left town that evening. But they met by chance several times after that, and gradually a warm friendship sprang up between them.

"Years afterward the traveling man was engaged in the banking business. Of course the only way a drummer ever becomes a banker is by the timely death of a rich relative. Well, he still retained the friendship of his St. Louis acquaintance and often heard from him by letter. The drummer was prosperous until his bank, like many others in 1893, was drained with a terrific run. It seemed as though he must fail unless he had a few thousand dollars to tide over the next day. As he sat thinking the matter over in the cool air of his front yard a man came strolling through the front gate. It was his friend. Of course he asked the banker what made him look so pale, and the story came out little by little. The next day the bank had unlimited capital to back it and was soon on a solid footing. It was all through that cigar smoked several years before, so the ex-drummer said. Now, my wife would say that was no argument for such a filthy habit, and that her husband had never had any such fabulous experience. That's the way with people who won't reason about these things, isn't it?" And the traveling man pulled out two fresh cigars from his pocket and left one behind as he went hurriedly to settle up his bill in time to catch a train.—Omaha World-Herald.

Dew In the British Isles.

It is estimated that the total annual deposit of dew on the British Isles amounts to something like five inches, or about one-seventh of the total amount received from the atmosphere. This means 22,161,337,355 tons of dew a year.

Crickets sing much more sharply just before a rain than at other times. In old English houses this circumstance has been frequently remarked, and the cricket's cry is heard with attention as foretelling the changes in the weather.

CORDOVA AT MIDNIGHT.

Gayety In the Spanish City Is Then at Its Greatest Height.

In the evening, after dinner, about 8 o'clock, we drew chairs out upon our little balcony above the Paseo. Listless groups had gathered about its cafes. Two gypsy children, as black as negroes, in their scant white shirts, with persistent hands and voices were carrying on Spain's one flourishing business, but it was not a stimulating sight, and, tired out with the day's journey, we went at once to bed. It must have been two or three hours later when we were awakened by a loud crash of cymbals and blast of trumpets. Our first thought was that soldiers were marching through the town, and we hurried to the window to see. Below a great mass of people were seated under the palms. Open carriages were passing up and down on each side, and men on horseback. Very smart nurses, with great bows of ribbon on their heads, had brought wide awake babies out for an airing. Great trucks and vans of merchandise rumbled by. Workmen were about. Half way down the Paseo a band had just begun to play. The cafes were ablaze with light, their tables crowded to overflowing. Cordova at midnight had come to life.

The air was hot and close, used up by that vast multitude, and the dust, stirred by their ceaseless march, choked us where we stood. It was hopeless to try to sleep again, and we waited by the window. Of a sudden a bell sounded loud above the voices of the crowd. At once the band was hushed, carriages were stopped, the people on the chairs under the palms were on their feet, and not a man but stood, hat in hand. We looked to the end of the Paseo, for everybody was looking that way. From out the doors of the Moorish minaret crowned church came a procession of men in white surplices, with flickering candles and tall lanterns, and a priest carrying the sacrament, under its golden veil, to the dying. Men who a moment before had been drinking fell upon their knees, and we could hear nothing but the tinkling bell and the murmur of a low chant, as the priest walked slowly on between the rows of kneeling people, praying there in the starlight under the palms. And so in Spain today, as yesterday, does life in a moment change from fooling to prayer, as the shadow of death passes by, only to return to its folly as readily when the shadow has passed. Once the priest had gone back to the church, and the doors were shut, the music, louder than ever, went on where it had left off, carriages rolled on, and horsemen pranced after them.

There was no sleeping any more. We dressed and packed our bags, and, when in the first dawn the band went away and the last few stragglers were going home and a few peasants were coming in with their donkeys and cafes were being shut we took our places in the hotel coach and drove off to the station in time to catch the express from Madrid to Seville.—Elizabeth R. Pennell in Century.

NEW HAND UNDERSTOOD.

A Woman's Testimony as to the Value of a Knowledge of German.

It was just a little informal gathering of women, and as they sipped tea with their hats on and gossiped about church sociables and of the preponderance of girls among the babies that had recently arrived, one of them let fall a German expression.

"Oh, dear me! Do you speak German?" asked the tall woman from down east, who plumes herself upon having married a German broker and thinks she speaks German herself. "How delightful!"

"Certainly," said the stout woman who was addressed. "I should think I ought to. I lived in Germany for ten years before I was married. It is a very useful thing too. My husband does not speak German, but I remember one instance when the knowledge of just one little German word was of great help to him. You see, I always made it a practice to begin teaching German to my children when they were babies, and just teaching them one word at a time and saying that one word whenever it was appropriate until it was indelibly fixed in their memory. Now, when my last baby was beginning to walk, I wanted to teach her that the fire was hot, and so whenever she went near to it I would pull her away and point to the stove and say, 'Heis!' I said it a great many times, and by and by she learned that 'heis' meant hot. Now, one day my husband was breaking in a new man at his factory, and he wanted to warn him about some dangerous place. The man was a German, and my husband was at a loss as to how to make him understand until, all of a sudden, he remembered having heard me instructing the baby. So he pointed to the place and called to the man, 'Heis!' 'Heis!' The man's face lit up, and he turned to my husband and exclaimed:

"'I understand you perfectly.'"—New York Sun.

Beresford's Brevity.

Lord Charles Beresford is a man of few words and those very much to the point. Speaking in the house of commons one day in reference to the Arab slave dealers, he said, with great emphasis:

"Mr. Speaker, we ought to catch these men, give 'em a fair trial and then hang 'em."

Receiving an invitation to dinner at Marlborough House one evening, he replied by wire:

"Sorry can't come. Lie follows by post."—San Francisco Argonaut.

The Decline of the Jaw.

And now it is claimed that the jawbones of civilized peoples are gradually becoming attenuated, chiefly owing to the prolonged use of knives and forks. There need be no fear, however, that we will lose the use of the jaws. The habit of chewing gum will soon restore these portions of our anatomy to their pristine strength.

TO MY CYCLE.

Dear other self, so silent, swift and sure,
My dumb companion of delightful days,
Might fairy fingers from thy orbit rays
Of steel strike music, as the gods of yore
From reed or shell. What melodies would pour
On my glad ears! What songs of woodland ways,
Of summer's wealth of corn or the sweet lays
Of April's budding green, while evermore
We twain, one living thing, flash like the light
Down the long tracks that stretch from sky to sky!
Thou hast thy music too. What time the noon
Beats sultry on broad roads, when, gathering night,
We drink the keen edged air, or, darkling, fly
'Twixt hedgerows blackened by a mystic moon.
—Adriel Vere in London Spectator.

DID IT HURT YOU?

A Question That Is Often Out of Place and Unnecessary.

The old hymn in Sam Taylor's "Original Poems" beginning with "Who ran to help me when I fell?" ought to have a provisional clause added to it. The person who hastens to help a sufferer who has been shocked by a fall should not say a single word. Of course the benevolent bystander is brimful of questions: "Where are you hurt?" "Have you sprained your ankle?" and lastly the insane request to know whether you can fall down a flight of 20 steps or from a piazza 10 feet above ground and not be damaged any more than if you had thrown yourself on a down pillow only a foot away.

Of course you are hurt, and the nerve shock is so great that any sort of question, even if "they" shall fetch hot water, is an additional blow to the nervous system. You are suffering, perhaps, too much to speak, yet they pelt you with questions while every power of your body is endeavoring to regain self control. You ought not to answer. You would like to scream that "it hurts" a hundred times more for being summoned to speak and to diagnose yourself.

All instructions in the line of "First aid to the injured" should begin with, "Be perfectly silent when you run to lift or help a person who has been knocked down or who has fallen and is still partly dazed with the tremendous shock." Let it be for the sufferer to say, "Oh, my head!" or "Oh, my leg!" or back. He will indicate as soon as it is necessary the injured part, but meanwhile you are driving him nearly frantic by asking about it. These simple yet important directions do not seem to be impressed upon the average helpful mind.

Tact, of all things, is as necessary as a knowledge of a tourniquet made from a stick and a pocket handkerchief. Hot water, of course, is required for all bruises and sprains, but let it be brought without asking. The relief to the victim of an accident in having swift and noiseless helpers about him or her—absolutely silent, yet knowing exactly what to do—is very great. Any one who "has been there" knows it all. Yet how quickly is it forgotten when we run to lift up somebody else and begin to pelt him with: "Where did it hurt you?" "Are you hurt?"—Philadelphia Record.

Red Turtles In a Boiling Spring.

That portion of southern or lower California called Hell's Half Acre appears to be situated directly over a substratum of fire, which causes the mud and water to boil as if in a caldron. At one place on the Half Acre there are over 100 boiling springs and hot mud geysers on a plat of ground that is not of greater extent than a common city square. The chief spring in this queer aggregation of boiling and spouting jets of mud and water is called the Fountain of the Boiled Turtles on account of its curious habit of occasionally ejecting numbers of small red turtles. The temperature of this spring is 226 degrees, 14 degrees higher than the temperature required to boil water under ordinary atmospheric pressure. Notwithstanding the fact that the temperature is sufficient to boil meat perfectly within a few minutes, the small red turtles spoken of live and breed there just as the ordinary variety does in waters of common lakes, rivers and other streams. The spring is called the Fountain of Boiled Turtles because the queer, hard shelled creatures which inhabit it have the appearance of being cooked perfectly done.—St. Louis Republic.

Monkeys Have No Fleas.

It is curious that monkeys should be thought to be infected with what naturalists call the pulex irritans and what ordinary people know as the flea.

As every zoologist is aware, monkeys have neither fleas nor any other parasite whatsoever; in which, of course, they differ vastly from man.

As a matter of fact, when monkeys begin to pick each other about in the friendly way we have all observed, they merely detach bits of hardened sebaceous matter which has been excreted by the glands, and the flea idea is entirely fabulous.—Pearson's Weekly.

Stopped the Row.

"What kind of cheese is this, waiter?" asked the late caller at the restaurant.

"It's sweitzer."

"What, you impudent rascal! I ask what kind of cheese it is, and you tell me 'it's white, sir.' Why, I'll break every bone in your"—

And a prompt explanation from the proprietor at this point was all that prevented a fight.—Detroit Free Press.

No Inducement to Steal.

"Say, Tradeley, why does your floor walker never watch the bargain counter?"

"Because things are so cheap there that thieves prefer to buy and have the goods delivered."—Detroit Free Press.

The first commercial paper in this country was the Boston Prices Current and Marine Intelligencer, Commercial and Mercantile, issued in that city Sept. 5, 1795.

The 3 cent silver piece weighed 12.375 grains.

EFFECT OF HEAT.

The Human System Can Become Used to a High Temperature.

No one can tell how high a temperature man can endure until he is subjected to the trial. The effect of an intensely heated atmosphere in causing death has been but little studied. "Some years since," says Dr. Taylor, the eminent jurisprudent, "I was consulted in one case in which the captain of a steam vessel was charged with manslaughter for causing a man to be lashed within a short distance of the stokehole of the furnace. The man died in a few hours, apparently from the effects of his exposure. Yet the engine rooms of steamers in the tropics have been observed to have a temperature as high as 140, and engineers after a time become habituated to this excessive heat without appearing to suffer materially in health. In certain manufactories the body appears to acquire a power by habit of resisting these high temperatures. Still, it has been proved that many suffer severely.

"In a report on the employment of children (London) it is stated that in a glass manufactory a thermometer held close to a boy's head stood at 130 degrees, and as the inspector stood near to observe the instrument his hat actually melted out of shape. Another boy had his hair singed by the heat and said that his clothes were sometimes singed, too, while a third worked in a temperature no less than 150 degrees. Amid this tremendous heat they carry on work which requires their constant attention. They are incessantly in motion."

In the Turkish baths higher temperatures than this have been noted, but there is reason to believe that serious symptoms have been occasionally produced in persons unaccustomed to them, and that in one or two cases death has resulted. All sudden changes from a low to a high temperature are liable to cause death in aged persons or in those who are suffering from organic diseases. In attempting to breathe air heated to temperatures varying from 180 to 200 degrees there is a sense of suffocation, with a feeling of dizziness and other symptoms indicative of an effect on the brain, and the circulation is enormously quickened. An inquest was held on the body of a stoker of an ocean steamship. He had been by trade a grocer and was not accustomed to excessive heat. While occupied before the engine furnace he was observed to fall suddenly on the floor in a state of insensibility. When carried on deck, it was found he was dead. All that was discovered on a postmortem examination was an effusion of serum into the ventricles of the brain. It has now become one of the recognized causes of death in this country. In some cases a person may sink and die from exhaustion or symptoms of cerebral disturbance may continue for some time and the case ultimately prove fatal.

Death from sunstroke, when it is not immediately fatal, is preceded by some well marked symptoms, such as weakness, giddiness, headache, disturbed vision, flushing of the face, followed by oppression and difficulty of breathing, and in some cases stupor, passing into profound coma. The skin is dry and hot, and the heat of the body is much greater than natural.

Walk slowly and don't fret, and you will not experience anything of that sort.—Philadelphia Times.

PUMICE STONE.

Thirty Merchants Are Engaged In the Trade on the Island of Lipari.

Pumice, as is well known, is of volcanic origin, being a trachytic lava which has been rendered light by the escape of gases when in a molten state. It is found on most of the shores of the Tyrhenian sea and elsewhere, but is at present almost exclusively obtained from the little island of Lipari. Most of the volcanoes of Lipari have ejected pumaceous rocks, but the best stone is all the product of one mountain, Monte Chirica, nearly 2,000 feet in height, with its two accessory craters. The district in which the pumice is excavated covers an area of three square miles. It has been calculated that about 1,000 hands are engaged in this industry, 600 of whom are employed in extricating the mineral.

Pumice is brought to the surface in large blocks or in baskets and is carried thus either to the neighboring village or to the seashore to be taken there in boats. The supply is said to be practically inexhaustible. Pumice is used not merely for scouring and cleansing purposes, but also for polishing in numerous trades, hence the fact that the powdered pumice exported exceeds in weight the block pumice. Between 20 and 30 merchants are engaged in the pumice trade on the island.—London News.

It's Hard to Get Into the Army.

The tabulation of the enlistments in the United States army for July shows unmistakably the care with which recruits are now accepted. Captain Palmer, in charge of the Chicago recruiting station, enlisted only 27 men out of 485 who applied for enlistment—an acceptance of 1 in 17. The army standard has been raised from time to time until it is more difficult to enter it as a private for the small payment of $14 a month than it is to secure admission into any other department of the government. A good physique without a good moral character debars an applicant. The total enlistments during the month were 430 and the rejections were 2,933.—Chicago Tribune.

The Plot That Failed.

"Did you try that scheme of ringing a bell on Johnson when he was in the middle of his speech?"

"Yes, and it fizzled. Johnson was a street car conductor at one time."

"Well?"

"I made the mistake of ringing twice, and he took it as a compliment; thought it was a signal for him to go ahead."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

ORIGIN OF THE HELLO

INVENTION OF THE TELEPHONE, AS TOLD BY ITS AUTHOR.

Dr. Bell, Like His Father, Was Interested In Efforts to Instruct Deaf Mutes—While Engaged In This Line of Work the Telephone Was Suggested to His Mind.

The story of how the telephone came to be invented was told by Dr. Alexander Graham Bell during his attendance on the meeting of the American Association to Promote the Teaching of Speech to the Deaf, held at Mount Airy. Dr. Bell's father was an elocutionist in England and well known as a corrector of defects in utterance, as his grandfather had also been. His father had devised a method of representing the action of the vocal organs by symbols, similar to those used in chemistry. In like manner letters representing the various organs of speech, with figures attached indicating the positions of those organs, would represent certain sounds or spoken words. A person placing his tongue, teeth, lips and palate in the position indicated by a certain formula would produce a definite sound. The use of such a system for the instruction of deaf mutes was not overlooked by Dr. Bell's father, and experiments were made in a little school in London. Dr. Bell became interested in the subject and developed a method of teaching the deaf to speak. His father had lectured in this country, and in this way the system had come to the knowledge of the deaf and dumb institutions in Boston and of the prominent educators in that city, and in 1871 the board of education invited Dr. Bell to see what he could do in the Boston School For the Deaf. He accepted the invitation and put the system in practice there with very great success, and it was introduced in one institution after another throughout the country.

Dr. Bell did not at that time believe it was possible for deaf mutes to understand speech by looking at the mouth of the speaker. The mechanism of speech was, he thought, too complicated for that. He therefore set to work to invent an apparatus which would represent speech to the eye as it was spoken by throwing a picture of the vibrations on the screen. He commenced his experiments with Koenig's manometric flame apparatus, which, by means of a vibrating diaphragm, stretched on a piece of wood divided into two parts, and a series of mirrors produced a band of light with wave effects, according to the sound uttered. The flame was too feeble to be photographed. Dr. Bell then turned his attention to another apparatus, called a phonetograph, in which was stretched a membrane, against which a person spoke and which carried a little pencil over a smoked glass, which made a curved line that could easily be photographed.

He made many hundreds of tracings, but unfortunately they did not correspond with the flame pictures before described, and he attributed the trouble to the clumsiness of the apparatus. He therefore mapped out changes in the construction of his phonetograph and thought he saw in his draft a rude analogy to the construction of the human ear. Instead of bones actuated by a membrane, as in the ear, he had a lever of wood moved by a membrane. He therefore concluded to modify the shape to correspond with the human ear and went to a distinguished aurist in Boston, Clarence A. Blake, who suggested his experimenting with an actual human ear. Dr. Blake got an ear and dissected it for Dr. Bell so as to expose the membrane and the little bones. The doctor attached a pencil to the bone called the malleus, moistened the membrane with glycerin and water and constructed an outer ear. With this, beautiful tracings were made on the smoked glass. The tracings, however, were different from what he had before produced.

While he was engaged upon the above line of search at the Institution For the Deaf, he was also developing an invention out of which he expected to make some money—viz, an electrical multiple telegraph, by which he could send many messages simultaneously over one wire. Dr. Bell simplified this apparatus greatly. He noticed that when half a dozen were operating together there was a resultant electrical effect, and that but one sending magnet was necessary to produce all the sounds. Further consideration convinced him that he could not only send any number of musical tones simultaneously, but sounds of any kind. His familiarity with the nature of speech had taught him that the term "quality of sound" means really a chord of different musical tones having different intensities, and he could conceive how a sound of any kind whatever, even words, might be transmitted if one of these reeds could be moved in front of an electro magnet in the resultant way in which the air is moved when a sound is uttered. His experiments in vibrations had taught him the form of the sound waves. The problem was to make a mass of steel vibrate in the way the air does. The problem was in his mind at the time he was making the experiments with the human ear, before described.

The thought suddenly struck him that there was a great disproportion in mass between the bones of the ear and the membrane that connected them; that these bones were, relatively to the membrane, very heavy and very massive. Why, then, could not the piece of iron or steel be moved by attaching it to a heavier and stiffer membrane, of the present telephone form. The problem was solved. It will thus be seen that the telephone was the result of two separate lines of thought.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Insuperable Difficulty.

"What became of your women's debating club?"

"We had to disband. We couldn't find a girl who would act as chairman and keep still while the rest of us talked."—Philadelphia North American.

TURNING THE TABLES.

Wanted Her Husband's Opinion About Many Trivial Points of Dress.

A certain up town Clevelander is the happy possessor of a marital interest in a very pretty and accomplished lady. She is fond of nice clothes and always looks well dressed, and her husband is just as proud of her as he should be. But from a technical point of view he knows nothing whatever about her garments, and it bothers him greatly when she assumes that he does. She fires broadsides of questions at him whenever she is dressing to accompany him. "George, how does my skirt hang?" "Is it too long in front?" "Does my belt cover the pins?" "Do you think this gown is becoming?" "Is my collar down at the back?" "Are there any wrinkles in this waist?" "Is my hat on straight?" These and a hundred other interrogations are fired at him at short intervals. If he doesn't pay close attention she gets cross. So he pretends to listen carefully, and answers glibly, although always at random.

The other day a neat way of getting even dawned upon him. When he was dressing that night for a party, he suddenly called his wife from the adjoining room.

"Alma," he said, "do you think these new trousers hang just as gracefully as they should?"

"Why, George," she said. "I don't know anything about it. Why do you bother me?"

"Hold on," said George, "I was wondering if this shirt bosom sits quite right?"

"Of course it does," snapped Alma.

"And these shoes—do you really think they are becoming to my complexion?"

"What a silly question."

"And—hold on, Alma—isn't the coat a little long in the tails—on one side, I mean—and can't you pin it up?"

"Why, George, I never heard you talk such nonsense. You haven't been drinking, have you?"

"And—just wait a minute, Alma." He quickly raised his silk hat from the dresser and clapped it on the back of his head. "Now, dear, please pay attention. Is my hat on straight?"

Then she understood his wicked little game.

They walked together in silence until they came within sight of their destination, and the deeply wounded Alma managed to stammer:

"Well, George, you mean old thing, is my hat really and truly on straight?"

Whereat they both laughed.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"STONE OF SCONE."

The Enterprising Schoolboy Who Slept In the Coronation Chair.

It is a long walk from the dining room of the Westminster school to the coronation chair, which stands behind the old stone screen just back of the altar in the abbey, but there is an interesting conection between the two. This chair, as is well known, is a rude, heavy oak chair, much worn by time. It contains the "Stone of Scone" and was made by the order of Edward I in 1297, and every English sovereign since then has sat in it to be crowned.

A stout railing in front of the chair restrains the crowd of visitors from coming near, but if they were allowed to examine it as closely as I was fortunate enough to do they would find cut boldly into the solid oak seat in such sprawling letters as the schoolboy's knife makes upon his desk, "P. Abbott slept in this chair Jan. 4, 1801." P. Abbott, it seems, was a Westminster schoolboy, and a tradition, which there is every reason to believe is true, tells that he made a wager with a schoolmate that he dare stay in the abbey all night alone.

In order to win his wager he hid in some corner of the old building until the doors were locked for the night and thus was left alone there. Fearing, however, that when morning came the boy with whom he had made the bet would disbelieve his statement that he had won it, he determined to have some proof of the fact, and so spent the hours of the early morning in carving on the coronation chair the sentence which, even now, nearly a century after, bears witness for him. It is disappointing that the tradition does not record just what form and amount of punishment was visited upon the lad for his escapade, and that history does not tell us of his later years. I wonder whether the courage and grit which this deed manifested foretold an energetic, successful life or was dissipated in mere bravado.—Max Bennett Thrasher in St. Nicholas.

The Newest Envelope.

Opening an envelope by pulling a string is the latest labor saving device. Like all simple contrivances, it seems queer no one thought of it before, but that doesn't impair its usefulness.

Any envelope can be equipped with the opener. An ordinary piece of thread is inserted at the top of the flap, and when the fold is made the thread projects from one end. To open the envelope all that is necessary to do is to pull back the thread.

This envelope opener is a New York invention, and it promises to be very popular with the busy business man.

Silly Question.

When a man has lost his pocketbook or a gold collar stud, the question asked him by nine people out of ten is, "Where did you lose it?" And this is always a very soothing question to the loser, because if he knew where he lost the article it is not reasonable to suppose that he would be looking in 40 different places to find it.—London Tit-Bits.

Jerusalem has been partly or wholly burned 17 times, each great conflagration being kindled when the city was taken by a besieging force.

The Hebrew figures place the date of the flood at B. C. 2348.

FACTORY SYST…

Skilled Watchm… Ame…

It is most in… different metho… the highest gra… tion is attaine… Notwithstandin… American wat… finest Swiss wa… great reputation… receives the pa… in the rough, t… finishing and a… completed wat… The latter insp… a batch of, say… five or six as… and puts the… trade under so… The selected w… ing over the… months before… to bear his ow… watches which… have the mon… patience to wa…

A prominen… elers, chafing t… of this old w… things, sought… methods and se… Swiss watches… methodically… ticing rates of… most skillful w… ment was tri… workman soon… wages could pa… erty. To be o… blew in the mo… hour for dinne… quitting at nig… could not long… worked when I… when it pleased… paid for one j… to begin the… until his fun… plan did not w… building now… the Swiss love… is as much a f… has been in… Magazine.

TW…

A Very Old M… Awaken…

"I came ac… day," said an… day in 1966, "… to my ey… recollections t… had been out v… little excursio… dropped down… looking hotel… wine and seltz…

"You will… said the waite… two meals.' I… was brought… than they wer… their content… Then he broug…

"They we… drink meals… dinary in ev… had dropped… in a hurry, hi… self same 'hot… should never… bottom of the… the crust, wer… and the date… years old and… meal was!… and, as I look… as fresh as wh… my memory… Sunday in V… and I had rid… self same 'hot… drinks and n… only a coinci…

"It was ju… the old, very… cane, "that t… carving their… was given u… Raines Sunda… ed longer. A… of the pioneer… the old, very… York Sun.

Julian…

The Boston… lian Scott, d… the first cong… for bravery a… Va., April 16… require him t… Learning tha… regiment, inc… ed the creek… losses, and th… were killed a… the scene, for… face of a terr… from the one… bringing two… rades across t… was issued by… General, 'Ba… the heroic bra… The act of c… of honor was… it is represen… boy that as… a very proud… Scott."

Wonde…

Professors… have recently… menting on… the seo… (lucern) may… for four hou… tality. Seed… sprung up in… Louis Republ…

The women… pay much att… their hair, w… contrary, reg… utmost impor…

A British… Scotland, Wa… sel islands, b… colonies.

FACTORY SYSTEMS IN SWITZERLAND.

Skilled Watchmakers Will Not Work by American Methods.

It is most interesting to compare the different methods by means of which the highest grade of mechanical perfection is attained in various countries. Notwithstanding the high character of American watches, for example, the finest Swiss watches will retain their great reputation. The Swiss workman receives the parts from the manufacturer in the rough, takes them to his home, puts his best individual skill into the finishing and assembling and brings the completed watches to his employer. The latter inspects the work, and out of a batch of, say, 50 watches he selects five or six as worthy of his attention and puts the others into the regular trade under some general trade name. The selected watches he readjusts, working over them for days, weeks and months before he considers them worthy to bear his own name, and it is these watches which go to those who not only have the money to buy, but also the patience to wait.

A prominent firm of American jewelers, chafing under the inconveniences of this old world method of doing things, sought to introduce American methods and see if the highest grade of Swiss watches could not be made more methodically. A factory was built, enticing rates of wages were offered to the most skillful workmen, and the experiment was tried. But, alas, the Swiss workman soon found that no regular wages could pay him for his loss of liberty. To be on hand when the whistle blew in the morning, to have his stated hour for dinner and his fixed hour for quitting at night—these restrictions he could not long stand. Formerly he had worked when he felt like it and stopped when it pleased him, and when he was paid for one job he took his own time to begin the next, generally waiting until his funds ran low. The factory plan did not work for long, and the idle building now bears silent testimony to the Swiss love for independence, which is as much a factor in present life as it has been in past history.—Cassier's Magazine.

TWO MEETINGS.

A Very Old Man Tells of Something That Awakened Tender Memories.

"I came across something last Sunday," said an old, very old, man one day in 1966, "something that brought tears to my eyes and started a flood of recollections that I could not control. I had been out with my son-in-law for a little excursion, and feeling thirsty we dropped down in the yard of a neat looking hotel and called for some Rhine wine and selters.

"'You will have to order a meal,' said the waiter, and we said, 'Of course; two meals.' In time the Rhine wine was brought. The glasses were smaller than they were when I was young, but their contents were 'otherwise well.' Then he brought the meals.

"They were the ordinary Sunday drink meals. My son-in-law's was ordinary in every way; but the waiter had dropped mine, and, picking it up in a hurry, had placed it on the plate upside down. Otherwise, of course, I should never have noticed it. On the bottom of the meal, carved deep into the crust, were the initials 'B. G. R.,' and the date '1896, May 17.' Seventy years old and more that Raines Sunday meal was! The initials were my own, and, as I looked at the figures, almost as fresh as when they were first carved, my memory went back to the bright Sunday in May, 1896, when a friend and I had ridden on our bicycles to the self same 'hotel' and ordered the same drinks and meals. Of course, it was only a coincidence, but it was interesting.

"It was just about that time," said the old, very old, man, picking up his cane, "that the custom the boys had of carving their names on turtles' backs was given up; they carved them on Raines Sunday meals, because they lasted longer. And I think that I was one of the pioneers of the new custom." And the old, very old, man went out.—New York Sun.

Julian Scott, Drummer Boy.

The Boston Transcript says that Julian Scott, drummer boy, Company E, Third Vermont volunteers, "received the first congressional medal of honor for bravery at the battle of Lee's Mills, Va., April 16, 1862. His duties did not require him to be present on the field. Learning that four companies of his regiment, including his own, had crossed the creek and were suffering terrible losses, and that many of his comrades were killed and wounded, he started for the scene, forded the creek, and, in the face of a terrible fire and countercharge from the enemy, succeeded unaided in bringing two severely wounded comrades across the creek. A general order was issued by his brigade commander, General 'Baldy' Smith, commending the heroic bravery of this drummer boy. The act of congress granting the medal of honor was passed July 12, 1862, and it is reported that Secretary Stanton was so pleased with the bravery of this boy that as soon as the medals were ready he sent the first one to Julian Scott."

Wonderful Vitality of Seeds.

Professors Webster and Pouchet, who have recently been engaged in experimenting on the vitality of seeds, find that the seed of Medicigo americana (lucern) may be boiled uninterruptedly for four hours without losing their vitality. Seeds so treated sprouted and sprung up in from 12 to 17 days.—St. Louis Republic.

The women of savage nations rarely pay much attention to the dressing of their hair, while savage men, on the contrary, regard their coiffures as of the utmost importance.

A British patent covers England, Scotland, Wales, Ireland and the Channel islands, but not one of the British colonies.

THE BREECHLOADER.

Improvements In Guns That Conduce to Rapidity of Firing.

Let us examine a breechloader and see what improvements have been made which may conduce to rapidity of fire. We see that in the older pattern three motions were necessary to open the breech. First the bar which is fixed across the base of .e block had to be removed, then a half turn had to be given to the block to free it in its bed, and then it had to be pulled forward. Lastly, it had to be thrown back on its hinge, so as to open the gun from end to end. We are shown that in later patterns the cavity or bed into which the block fits is made in the form of a cone, so that the breech block itself can be turned outward without any preliminary motion forward. In artillery work time is everything, and any one motion of the gunner's hands and arms saved is a point gained.

Now let us look at the mechanism by which the recoil or backward movement of the gun is checked at the moment of firing. The gun slides into its cradle, and its recoil is counteracted by buffers which work in coil, something in the fashion of the coil springs which we see on doors. Iron spiral springs push the gun back again into place. Another interesting piece of mechanism is the electric machinery by which the gun is fired. When the recoil has taken place, the wire, along which runs the electric current, is pushed out of place, so that it is impossible to fire the gun, even though it be loaded, until it has been again fixed in its proper position on the cradle. Truly a modern cannon is a wonderful machine, and yet it is only a development from the sort of iron gas pipe which was used in the middle ages.

Hard by is a gun which has come to grief. In experiments which are carried on at Shoeburyness guns are charged to their full, or, as in this case, more than their full strength. There is an ugly gash running down the outer case or jacket, as it is called, of the gun, and the latter has broken and nearly jumped out of its cradle. Nursery phraseology certainly comes in strongly in the technical slang of gunnery when we have to do with Woolwich infants.—Chambers' Journal.

X RAYS CAN BE SEEN.

Their Effects on Different Parts of the Human Eye.

Dr. Brandes of the University of Halle has succeeded in rendering directly visible the X rays discovered by Professor Roentgen. The observation made by Professor Salvioni, an Italian physicist, that lenses are in a very slight degree penetrable by Roentgen's rays, suggested to Dr. Brandes the idea that the invisibility might be due to circumstances connected with this fact. He accordingly resolved to test the effect of Roentgen's rays on lenseless eyes.

There are many people who have had the lenses of their eyes removed as a remedy for extreme shortsightedness or for cataract. A girl who had had this operation performed on both eyes, but in whose right eye a remnant of the lens had been left, allowed the experiment to be tried upon her.

Professor Dorn, whom Dr. Brandes had interested in the investigation, subjected the girl quite unexpectedly to the rays, and, when the strong current passed through the tube, which had been totally darkened, she declared that she saw light with her left eye. Professors Dorn and Brandes at first thought it possible that a spark had leaped across, but, when this had been rendered impossible, the girl continued to declare that she saw light.

On further trying the experiment the two savants saw the light too. They then continued their investigations and ascertained that Roentgen's rays really affect the retina. If we place our head, completely inclosed in an entirely opaque vessel, near the source of the rays, we see light even with the closed eyes, and we see it most clearly at the periphery. Moreover, we continue to see it even when a large aluminium plate, which would completely exclude electric rays, is placed between a Hittorf tube and the eye. Utter darkness, on the other hand, results if a thick pane of glass, which, as is well known, is only in a very slight degree penetrable by Roentgen's rays, is placed between the tube and the closed or covered eye.—Berlin Cor. London Standard.

Wedding Postponed.

Sharp Dame—I must frankly tell you, Mr. Meek, that my consent to your marrying with my daughter has been wrung from me under protest.

Mr. Meek—Eh? Protest?

Sharp Dame—Yes, sir. I knew that if I did not consent she would disgrace the family by an elopement. When she wants anything, we all have to give in to her or take the consequences, and long experience has taught me that I might as well try to fan off a cyclone as reason with her when she gets mad, especially if there is a flatiron or a rolling pin handy, and so I just give right up at once. Has the wedding day been set yet, Mr. Meek?"

Mr. Meek—Um—er—not yet, and, in fact, madam, I'm—I'm a little afraid I can't afford to marry very soon anyhow. Goo-good day.—New York Weekly.

Her Varying Value.

Mrs. Ferguson—George, if I should cease to care for you and fall in love with some handsomer man, what would you do?

Mr. Ferguson (with some fierceness)—I'd sue the scoundrel for $100,000!

Mrs. Ferguson (applying the corner of a handkerchief to her eye)—And yet when I told you the other day how dearly I'd love you if you would only buy me that $13.99 vase at Spotcash & Co.'s you only said, "H'mph!"—Chicago Tribune.

The New Craze.

Photographer—Photograph, sir?

Customer—Yes, please.

Photographer—Inside or outside, sir?—Pick Me Up.

Special Crazes.

Princess Maud of Wales is said to have an extensive museum of tusks of elephants shot by her father and uncles, teeth of walruses, seals, sharks, lions and alligators, and of wild boars shot and sent by the late czar of Russia. An enterprising native of Pottsville, Pa., possesses, among other relics of his grandfather, the scalp of the deceased, which he keeps in an envelope among his household gods. Minnie Palmer, the actress, is said to have a perfect frenzy for collecting stockings, of which she has several trunks full. Another collector makes a specialty of shoes, and his array of footgear, ancient and modern, represents types of past and present use in many countries, and is probably unique.

The crazy king of Bavaria had, among other manias, one for collecting hats. Louis XVI is well known to have been an enthusiastic collector of locks, keys and old clocks. A clock which was actually made by him came into the possession of one of the Rothschilds about three years ago, the price paid for it being, it is stated, no less than £33,600. Princess Marie of Roumania, wife of the crown prince, collects perfumery bottles, a fad in which she resembles her grandmother, the late empress of Russia, who left a beautiful assortment of these articles valued at something like £5,000. An English lady has collected buttons for over 20 years and now possesses over 8,000 varieties, a fact which suggests a quotation from Peter Pindar:

> Rare are the buttons of a Roman's breeches,
> In antiquarian eyes surpassing riches.
> Rare is each crack'd, black, rotten, earthen dish
> That held of ancient Rome the flesh and fish.

A Canadian gentleman has made a collection of the buttons of officers of every regiment and department of the British army, upon which he has spent nine years of labor and expense.—Temple Bar.

British Subjects Beyond the Essequibo.

Any study of Guiana must be from the delta of the Orinoco or along the many streams that interlace the country. The reason is obvious. The country is almost as unknown as many regions in the heart of Africa. There are no means of communication except the rivers, with here and there a few mule paths extending from the right bank of the lower Orinoco to the mining camps of the interior. In all this vast territory I doubt if there are more than 20,000 inhabitants. Nine-tenths of these are wandering tribes of uncivilized Indians, who respect neither law nor government. One man I met who was familiar with the district said that not over 6,000 people live in the delta north and east of the Essequibo up as far as Ciudad Bolivar, but in the English statement of the case reference is made to 40,000 British subjects. The vast majority of the inhabitants are Indians and half breeds, who never heard of England. A friend of mine met Sargent Barnes on board a steamer, and Barnes told him that the one English family he personally knew of in his territory was an Englishman and his native wife and half breed children. This population, moreover, is a floating one. A native house does not mean much work. When the boundary line is drawn, if the "40,000 British subjects" do not like it they can put themselves and their goods into a few canoes and move.—W. Nephew King in Century.

Gas Transmission.

The transmission or conveyance of gas under pressure to long distances, which was an unsolved problem some 20 years ago, is now a fixed fact represented by the present use of about 75,000,000 feet of pipe used in the distribution of natural gas. On the first discovery of this article the pressure at the wells was sufficient to drive it through the pipes almost as far as desired; but, this pressure declining, some additional methods were necessitated, the well known air compressor being resorted to to pump the gas, and, as showing its efficiency, there are at Greenland, in Indiana, gas wells which have long carried supplies to Chicago. There are two 8 inch pipe lines used, the gas being pumped a distance of about 116 miles. There is at Redky, Ind., a pumping station of this character that supplies the towns of Springfield, Tiffin, Lima, Dayton, Piqua and other places in the western part of Ohio. Near Pittsburg there is a gas plant which pumps 20,000,000 cubic feet every 24 hours for use in mills, the pumping of this being without the least difficulty, and the Philadelphia company pumps many million cubic feet a day. There are New England air compressors that are pumping every day at various stations in the United States the enormous quantity of nearly 100,000,000 cubic feet every 24 hours.—New York Sun.

Adirondack.

The word "Adirondack" comes to us from the language of the Mohawks. With them it was Ha-de-ron-dack and meant wood eaters. This term was applied in derision to a few members of a once powerful branch of the Algonquins, who were defeated by the Iroquois and forced to seek refuge in a fastness of the mountains. They were in great distress, and it is said they sent messengers to their victors asking them to make no further war upon them, as they were reduced to the necessity of eating roots and the bark of trees. A few of them finally escaped to the north, and others were captured and held in slavery by the Mohawks.—Utica Observer.

Insect Bites.

The London Lancet remarks: "Many people do not know how easily they can protect themselves and their children against the bites of gnats and other insects. Weak carbolic acid sponged on the skin and hair, and in some cases clothing, will drive away the whole tribe. We have no doubt that horses and cattle could be protected in the same way from flies, which sometimes nearly madden them."

Society Directory.

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

STATE OFFICERS.

State President, John T. Keating, 5610 Jackson av.

State Vice-President, E. J. Kelly, Armory Block, Ottawa, Ill.

State Recording Secretary, Daniel McGlynn, 1238 Gaty av., E. St. Louis, Ill.

State Treasurer, Jas. Costello, Bloomington, Ill.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

County President, L. Henely, Twenty-seventh-st. and Lake Shore.

County V.-President, W. J. Doherty, 1253 Forty-seventh-st.

County Recording Secretary, F. J. Conroy, 493 Thirty-fifth-st.

County Financial Secretary, Joseph J. Lamb, 603 Thirty-first st.

County Treasurer, M. E. Lynch 520 W. Erie-st.

Sergeant-at-Arms, James Gannon.

Doorkeeper, William Barrett.

The County Board meets the Second Sunday of each month at 83 Madison street, Hall 2, at 3 p. m.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

DIVISION 1.

President, M. J. Maloney, Room 305, 120 Randolph-st.
Vice President, Michael Tuohy.
Recording Secretary, Patrick Ryan, 209 S. Peoria-st.
Financial Secretary, Wm. Territt.
Treasurer, Jerry O'Brien.
Meets First Friday of each month in Father Mathew hall, Taylor and Miller streets, at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 2.

President, John J. Hanrahan, 246 E. Forty-third-st.
Vice President, Thomas McHugh.
Recording Secretary, Thomas J. Sherlock, 185 E. Superior-st.
Financial Secretary, James Regan.
Treasurer, William C. Moore.
Meets Second Thursday each month at Unity hall, 77 Thirty-first-st., 8 p. m.

DIVISION 3.

President, John J. Cullinane, 3045 Deering-st.
Vice President, James J. Perkins.
Recording Secretary, Henry J. Lyons, 193 W. North-av.
Financial Secretary, Pat'k J. Mahony.
Treasurer, Luke H. Lyons.
Meets First Sunday each month at 3 p. m. in Flynn's hall, North-av. and Robey-st.

DIVISION 4.

President, Michael Blake, 708 Thirty-first-st.
Vice President, William Loftus.
Recording Secretary, James H. Brennan, Palmer House.
Financial Secretary, Daniel Collins.
Treasurer, William McAvoy.
Meets First Sunday each month at 2:30 p. m. in Mathei's hall, Canalport and Union-avs.

DIVISION 5.

President, James J. Brennan, 467 W. Fifteenth st.
Vice President, William Martin.
Recording Secretary, Alex Cusack, 65 Nixon-st.
Financial Secretary, Tim Cullinane.
Treasurer, Thomas Donovan.
Meets First Thursday of each month in Horan's hall, Halsted and Harrison-sts., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 6.

President, P. G. Maguire, 4465 Princeton-av.
Vice President, John Doody.
Recording Secretary, M. J. Goldin, 4417 Union-av.
Financial Secretary, James F. Ryan.
Treasurer, Martin Fanning.
Meets First Sunday of each month in Foley's hall, 712 W. Forty-third-st., at 2:30 p. m.

DIVISION 7.

President, Wm. Sullivan, 235 Washburn-av.
Vice President, Patrick Behan.
Recording Secretary, Patrick Foley, 2703 Hickory-st.
Financial Secretary, Jas. E. O'Brien.
Treasurer, Mark Hardin.
Meets Second Sunday each month in Dougherty's hall, 446 W. Twelfth-st., at 7:30 p. m.

DIVISION 8.

President, P. J. O'Sullivan, 117 E. Erie-st.
Vice President, Hugh J. Gleeson.
Recording Secretary, Eugene P. Nolan, 289 E. Erie-st.
Financial Secretary, O. J. Cullen.
Treasurer, R. G. McHugh.
Meets First and Third Saturdays each month at 62 N. Clark-st., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 9.

President, D. M. Duggan, 329 Ninety-second-st.
Vice President, Thomas A. Foley.
Recording Secretary, Thomas White, 532 Ninety-fifth-st.
Financial Secretary, Michael Clark.
Treasurer, Owen Ahern.
Meets First and Third Fridays each month in Union Bank building, South Chicago, at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 10.

President, P. J. Cummings, 4125 State-st.
Vice President, James Small.
Recording Secretary, Michael Maloy, 735 Dexter-st.
Financial Secretary, Patrick Ryan.
Treasurer, William Webb.
Meets First Friday of each month in Webb's hall, 4430 Wentworth-av., 8 p. m.

DIVISION 11.

President, Hugh J. Bradshaw, 263 Washtenaw-av.
Vice President, James F. Murray.
Recording Secretary, Thos. E. Bradshaw, 263 Washtenaw-av.
Financial Secretary, Daniel Kirby.
Treasurer, Michael J. Connery.
Meets Second and Fourth Thursdays each month in Anchor hall, Grand ave. and Paulina st., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 12.

President, F. J. Conroy, [illegible] Thirty-fifth-st.
Vice President, J. F. Lyons.
Recording Secretary, M. J. Corcoran, 3837 Wentworth av.
Financial Secretary, P. B. Flanagan.
Treasurer, Rev. D. J. Crimmins.
Meets First and Third Mondays each month in Douglas hall, S. E. corner of Thirty-fifth st. and Indiana av. at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 13.

President, John E. Long, 2991 Archer av.
Vice President, P. F. Conway.
Recording Secretary, Daniel Jordan, 2933 Archer av.
Financial Secretary, D. J. Sullivan.
Treasurer, S. J. Moloney.
Meets First and Third Thursdays each month in K. of P. hall. 3001 Archer av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 14.

President, P. J. Buck, 2218 Dearborn street.
Vice President, Ed J. Hanley.
Recording Secretary, F. J. Clingen, 8 South Lincoln st.
Financial Secretary, T. J. McGuire.
Treasurer, Patrick McDonnell.
Meets First and Third Wednesday in Prosperity hall, Eighteenth and State sts., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 15.

President, James W. Breen, 5241 Morgan st.
Vice President, John Henry.
Recording Secretary, Michael Daly, 5511 Halsted st.
Financial Secretary, P. J. Shine.
Treasurer, Michael Duffy.
Meets First Sunday of each month in Mielhaussen's hall, 51st and Peoria sts.

DIVISION 16.

President, Thomas McMahon, 5818 Justine st.
Vice President, Patrick McMahon.
Recording Secretary, Jas. Flannigan, 811 E. Fortieth st.
Financial Secretary, Patrick Meaney.
Treasurer, John J. McGinty.
Meets Fourth Friday each month in Bishop's hall, 4652 Ashland avenue, a p. m.

DIVISION 17.

President, Martin Mulcahy, 2836 Fifth avenue.
Vice President, Lawrence Henely.
Recording Secretary, Roger Mulcahy, 3011 Wallace st.
Financial Secretary, Joseph Burke.
Treasurer, P. J. O'Brien.
Meets First and Third Wednesday of each month in Leddy's hall, Thirty-first st. and Wentworth av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 18.

President, Martin Loftus, 2240 West Kinzie street.
Vice President, James Collins.
Recording Secretary, James Dineen, 2222 West Kinzie st.
Financial Secretary, James Donovan.
Treasurer, Peter O'Neill.
Meets Last Friday of each month in Schoenhoffen's hall, Forty-third av. and West Lake street, at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 19.

President, James Thomas, 4527 Dryer street
Vice President, Thomas O'Shea.
Recording Secretary, Timothy Kelly, 3435 Emerald av.
Financial Secretary, T. J. Waldron.
Treasurer, Michael Kennedy.
Meets First Thursday each month in Qualey's hall, 3749 S. Halsted street.

DIVISION 20.

President, Joseph J Lamb, 603 Thirty-first st.
Vice President, Michael Sullivan.
Recording Secretary, John J. Quinlan, 562 Twenty-sixth st.
Financial Secretary, P. McDonnell.
Treasurer, Michael O'Grady.
Meets Second and Fourth Friday at 2901 Union av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 21.

President, Patrick Stenson, 1104 Clybourn av.
Vice President, Ed O'Connor.
Recording Secretary, David Madden, 83 Tyson av.
Financial Secretary, James Gayer.
Treasurer, Patrick McGowan.
Meets Second and Fourth Fridays of each month in Kuehl's hall, Clybourn and Ashland avs.

DIVISION 22.

President, James Noonan, Lemont, Ill.
Vice President, J. S. Carrier.
Recording Secretary, T. H. Finegan, Lemont, Ill.
Financial Secretary, A. J. Runyon.
Treasurer, J. W. McCarthy.
Meets First and Third Sundays each month at 7 p. m. in School hall, in Lemont, Ill.

DIVISION 23.

President, William J. Doherty, 1259 W. Forty-seventh st.
Vice President, John McGaughan.
Recording Secretary, P. J. O'Brien, 4951 Wood st.
Financial Secretary, James McCann.
Treasurer, Patrick Grace.
Meets First Sunday of each month in Schumacher's hall, 4650 Ashland av., at 3 p. m.

DIVISION 24.

President, John W. Farley, LaGrange, Ill.
Vice President, Michael Galvin.
Recording Secretary, P. W. Rowe, Box 312, LaGrange, Ill.
Financial Secretary, Edward Dooley.
Treasury, Patrick Close.
Meets the Second and Fourth Monday of each month in Grand Army hall, LaGrange, Ill.

DIVISION 25.

President, William Mulligan, 723 W. Twenty-second st.
Vice President, John D. Maloney.
Recording Secretary, Thos. D. Fitzgerald, 1068 S. Robey st.
Financial Secretary, James Egan.
Treasurer, John T. Conway.
Meets First Tuesday at 8 p. m. and Third Sunday at 2:30 p.m. in Flanagan's hall, W. Twenty-second and Robey sts.

DIVISION 26.

President, P. J. Reynolds, 5540 State street.
Vice President, Thomas Killoughy.
Recording Secretary, Hugh McNally, 345 Bristol st.
Financial Secretary, W. F. Garritty.
Treasurer, Lawrence Reynolds.
Meets Second Saturday each month in Schell's hall, Fifty-first st. and Wentworth av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 27.

President, John Bigane, 1974 Thirty-ninth st.
Vice President, Patrick J. Moran.
Recording Secretary, Frank J. Mooney, 3658 Western av.
Financial Secretary, Michael Larney.
Treasurer, John Larney.

DIVISION 28.

President, John Flanagan, 1116 West Polk st.
Vice President, James Tracy.
Recording Secretary, E. Quinn, 1187 West Congress st.
Financial Secretary, E. A. Craighton.
Treasurer, William Ryan.
Meets First and Third Wednesdays in DeSoto hall, VauBuren and Francisco st.

DIVISION 29.

President, Patrick Keys, 2293 116th st., Kensington.
Vice President, John Maguire.
Recording Secretary, William Byrne, Box 1329, Pullman, Ill.
Financial Secretary, P. J. Tully.
Treasurer, Charles Corkey.
Meets First and Third Thursdays of each month in Holy Rosary church basement, 113th st. and South Park av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 30.

President, Thomas Heelan, 10810 Calhoun av.
Vice President, P. J. Conway.
Recording Secretary, Patrick Kerr, 10808 Torrence av.
Financial Secretary, John Conlin.
Treasurer, C. Duffy.
Meets Third Sunday of each month in Link's hall, 10716 Torrence av, 7:30 p. m.

DIVISION 31.

President, P. C. Desmond, 641 Park av
Vice President, James O'Neill.
Recording Secretary, L. O. Fitzpatrick, 1006 West Lake st.
Financial Secretary, Arthur McGinn.
Treasurer, Peter Kennedy.
Meets First Monday and Third Friday each month in St. Malachi's school hall.

DIVISION 32.

President, Cornelius Flynn, 107 Austin av.
Vice President, E. T. Walsh.
Recording Secretary, M. McLaughlin, 515 Carroll av.
Financial Secretaray, John Coogan.
Treasurer, Thomas O'Brien.
Meets in Nova's hall, Northeast corner Ohio and Green sts.

DIVISION 35.

President, Patrick F. Holden.
Vice President, Michael J. O'Brien.
Recording Secretary, James Gannon, 3656 Emerald av.
Financial Secretary, P. O'Gorman.
Treasurer, Michael Kavanaugh.
Meets First Wednesday each month in Columbia hall, Thirty-seventh and Halsted sts., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 36.

President, John T. Keating, 5610 Jackson av.
Vice President, John J. Dwyer.
Recording Secretary, Wm. H. McMahon, 5483 Lake av.
Financial Secretary, Bartley Owens.
Treasurer, Andrew Ledwidge.
Meets Second and Fourth Fridays of each month, in Bagley's hall, 192 Fifty-fifth st., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 37.

President, John P. Dohney, 6359 Honore st.
Vice President, Thomas Kelly.
Recording Secretary, John P. Dineen, 6428 Morgan st.
Financial Secretary, M. H. Hoey.
Treasurer, Patrick Prendergast.
Meet Second Thursday of each month in Broomstead's hall, Sixty-third and Halsted sts., at 8 p. m.

LADIES' AUXILIARY.

DIVISION 22, A. O. H.

President, Miss Bina Harkins, Lemont, Ill.
Vice-President, Miss Mary Kelly.
Recording Sec'y, Miss Anna O'Donnell, Lemont, Ill.
Financial Sec'y, Mrs. M. Beckman.
Treasurer, Mrs. M. Denne.
Meet the 2d and 4th Sunday of each month at 3 p.m. in St. Patrick's hall.

HIBERNIAN KNIGHTS.

COMPANY A.

Captain, A. J. Connolly, 4714 Loomis street.
First Lieutenant, P. H. Sheridan.
Second Lieutenant, P. J. O'Brien.

COMPANY B.

Captain, Patrick Kennedy.
First Lieutenant, ames Thomas.
Second Lieutenant, Jeremiah O'Shea.

Catholic Knights and Ladies of America.

ST. MARY'S BRANCH NO. 35.

President, L. Henely, 3244 Graves place.
Vice President, Emma Lonergan.
Recording Secretary, Helen Henely, 3244 Graves place.
Financial Secretary, Margaret Roche.
Treasurer, Jane Cummings.
Meets First and Third Sunday in Hall B, 206 LaSalle st.

IRISH NATIONAL ALLIANCE.

Parnell Council No. 26 meets on 1st and 3d Sundays of each month in Corcoran's hall, Forty-seventh street and Princeton avenue at 3 p. m. President, P. J. Reynolds, 5540 State st; Vice-Pres, Joseph J. Healy; Rec. Sec., J. T. Scott, 702 W. Forty-third st.; Fin. Sec., Wm. McNicholas; Treas., Edward Hogan.

UNITED IRISH SOCIETIES.

81 South Clark Street, Rooms 10, 12, 14.

President, J. J. Mahony.
Vice President, J. E. Long.
Recording Secretary, F. J. Conroy.
Corresponding Secretary, A. Donoghue.
Treasurer, John Roche.
Trustees, D. O'Connor, J. J. Gibbons, James C. Strain.

All He Was Fit For.

The American says that in an Irish court recently an old man was called into the witness box, and being old and a little blind he went too far in more senses than one, and instead of going up the stairs that led to the box mounted those that led to the bench.

The judge took his mistake good humoredly.

"Is it a judge you want to be, my good man?" he asked.

"Ah, sure, your honor," was the reply. "I'm an ould man now, and mebbe it's all I'm fit for."

An Episcopal Bull.

A number of "bulls" by members of parliament and others have been printed lately, but bishops seem to perpetrate them sometimes. His lordship of Ripon, in a sermon the other day at Calverley, near Leeds, betrayed his Hibernian origin, not for the first time, in the same way. He said, "My brethren, I beg of you to take hold of your own heart and look it straight in the face."—Westminster Gazette.